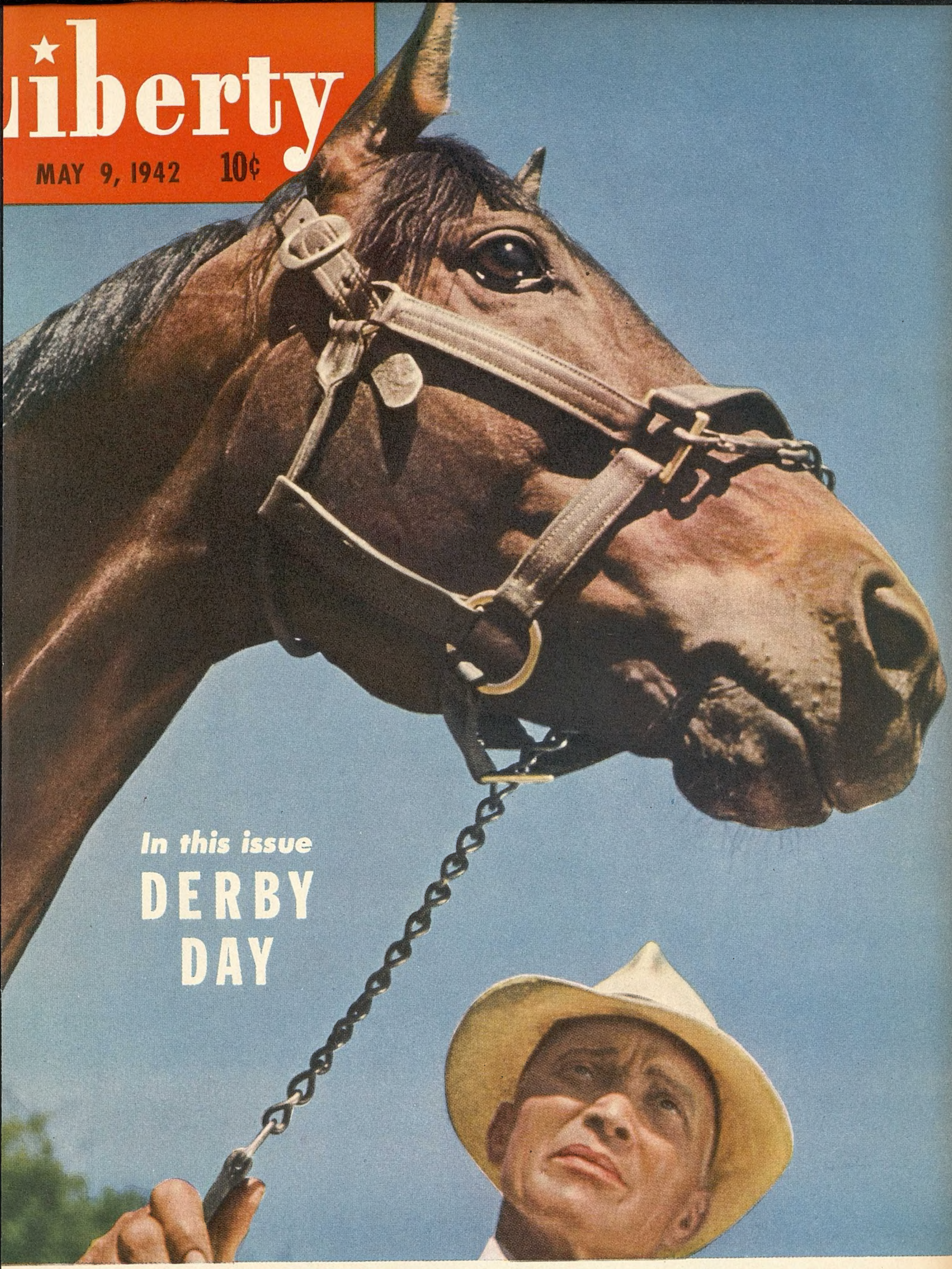
★iberty

MAY 9, 1942 10¢



In this issue

DERBY DAY

ONELY WOMEN—AMERICA'S NEW PROBLEM

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

How to win a carton of Raleighs

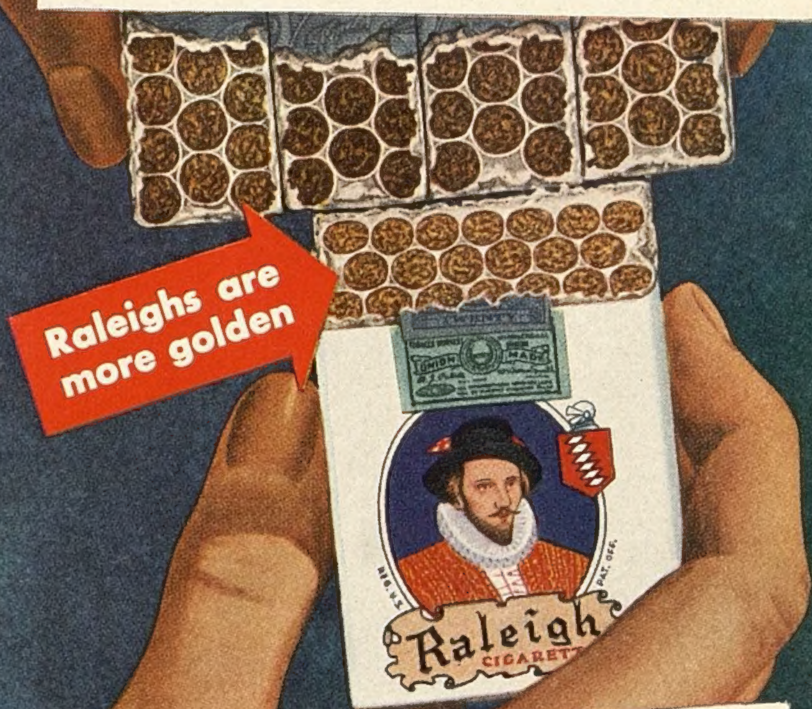
(TRY THIS BET ON ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS)

1. "Easy as taking candy from a babe! I bet the gang a carton of smokes I could pick Raleighs from any other brands just by looking at the color of the tobacco.

2. "I let them take Raleighs and some of their other brands, conceal the labels, and show me just the open ends of the packs. Then I bet I'd pick Raleighs.

Raleigh
CIGARETTES

3. "I won a carton of Raleighs—and you can, too. It's a bet you can hardly lose! Because the tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden*. You can see it at a glance.



4. "Golden color is proof of *quality*. At the great tobacco sales, golden leaves bring top prices. It's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs."

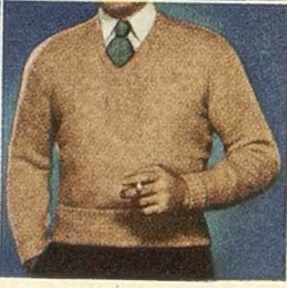
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
UNION MADE

RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B&W coupons (also packed with Kool Cigarettes) are good in U.S. for many luxury premiums. Write for new catalog today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

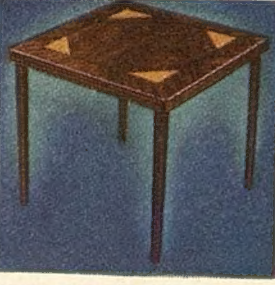
TUNE IN *Red Skelton and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra . . . every Tuesday night... over the coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*

POSTAL SAVINGS PLAN
UNITED STATES
SAVINGS BONDS

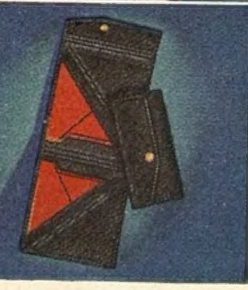
UNITED STATES SAVINGS STAMPS. Send Brown & Williamson 133 Raleigh coupons for each dollar stamp. Album sent *free.*



PULL-OVER SWEATER for men. Natural tan, pure wool, mohair yarns. V neck, snug waist. Light weight, comfortable. Three sizes.



BRIDGE TABLE. The de luxe model with top of genuine inlaid woods. Patented automatic steel leg locks. Strong and steady support.



LADY'S BILLFOLD AND KEYCASE of fine black English morocco, red leather trim. Outside change purse. 4-clip key and license case.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS

FREE! New catalog. Full-color illustrations and complete descriptions of luxury premiums. 60 fascinating pages. Dozens of new items.

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

TELL-TALE FLAKES?

ITCHY SCALP?

UGLY SCALES?

LOOK OUT FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!

Start NOW with LISTERINE!

Take these signs seriously. They may be a warning of the infectious type of dandruff, so common and frequently so stubborn! Don't delay. Neglect may aggravate the condition. And don't rely on one application of some makeshift, "over-night" remedy to treat a stubborn infection.

Medical—Not Magical Treatment

Your common sense tells you that it's wise to treat an infection with an antiseptic which attacks large numbers of the germs accompanying the infection.

So, be wise . . . start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's a simple, delightfully easy, *medical* treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine gives hair and scalp an antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, *including Pityrosporum ovale*, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Those distressing, loosened dandruff flakes begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

We've received countless letters from men and women all over America, praising Listerine to the skies for bringing them relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms!

Not only that . . . there's even greater evidence, from scientific quarters. In a series of severe clinical tests, fully 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within a month!

If you have the slightest sign of infectious dandruff, don't wait . . . get after it *now* with Listerine Antiseptic.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

Don't deny yourself all the good things of life. Keep on using the new LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"

COME TO THINK OF IT, THAT'S ABOUT ALL

Long Beach, Calif.—Every day we hear people referred to as Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Jewish-Americans, Swiss-Americans, German-Americans, American-Chinese, etc.; and so the old melting pot keeps boiling and bubbling. If a man was born in this country or has become a citizen, he should be called an American. An American, by birth or selection, is an American and that is all there is to it.—*Jack Shaw.*

THEY HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BACK UP THE FRONT

Los Angeles, Calif.—To the workers of America: An American boy in uniform is your own clenched fist. He's out in front, waiting for the drive of muscle that will smash him into the face of the enemy. You have that muscle. He believes you will use it. You can kill an American boy in battle quicker than any Jap, if you fail him now. No uniform for you, my laboring friend. No gun. No admiring glances, and no medals. Just guts, brother!—*Robert Ray.*

TALKING TURKEY

New York, N. Y.—In Meat for Hitler (April 4 Liberty) Robert Low says that since the outbreak of the war the Turkish government has pursued a policy of sitting on the fence. Turkey does not sit on the fence and she does not hate all foreigners. She has been one of the most tolerant and friendly countries in the world. Turkey today is pro-Turkish. But then, let Mr. Low show me one single country that is not honestly pro-herself.

Turkey backs those who stand for freedom and democracy. It has never been her policy, who has been in so many wars, to bury her head in the sand in the face of danger. Whatever arms she has today are of the best. She spends the bulk of her national income in the purchase of weapons. There is a lease-lend agreement between Turkey and the United States of America.

Turkey today has her own definite policies, and she will not be bullied or dragged into any conflict; but, as Inönü has put it, one million bayonets will meet any invader who threatens her freedom and her country.—*Raif Erisken, Turkish Radio Commentator.*

HE'S JUST TOO POLITE TO NAME HARDTACK AND V. P.

Somerset, Ky.—Please allow a Southern subscriber to register a complaint. I think you have too much in your magazine about such eccentric odds and ends as Mrs. Roosevelt and the Duchess of Windsor.—*H. C. Kennedy.*

AW, ARTY, YOU KINDA LIKE TO GET MAD

New Haven, Conn.—How much longer do we have to listen to broadcasts by sets of sisters who murder those beautiful old ballads so dear to the hearts of us old people—with their la-la-da-da-bump-bump-rah-rah? Let them stick to their modern swing and jazz.—*Arty Reddoh.*

WHAT WE NEED IS A KICK IN THE MORALE, EH?

Yorktown, Ind.—I can't understand why we have no stories of the lives and action of our present-day fighters. Fiction, to a degree—but with the color and romance of our troops.

I was in the last war with Deutschland, and I know every outfit of our troops has its story—nearly every man's life and action contains a story. Good writers could surely put lots of it in print. That would put more kick in our morale than all the stories of intrigue of foreign diplomats and other political biography.—*Melvin R. Livengood.*

NO TWO CLOCKS SEEM TO WORK ALIKE

Atlanta, Ga.—In April 4 Twenty Questions, No. 4 is all wet. The hands of a clock never really form a straight line, because they are not in the same plane. They give the appearance of a straight line when superimposed, as they are when you start your twenty-four hours at midnight. Likewise, at the end of the twenty-four hours and forty-seven times in between. On this basis, the answer is forty-nine times.—*E. E. Sanborn.*

St. Louis, Mo.—The answer is twice in each hour, or forty-eight. As a watchmaker, I'll say the hands are in a straight line at approximately 12.32 as well as at twelve o'clock, and so on around the dial.—*E. W. Billerth.*

Scarville, Ia.—Beginning at midnight in a 24-hour day, the hands of a clock would make a straight line only twenty-two times. If you're boosting 25½-hour days, I'd suggest that you get the movement *really* rolling before John L. Lewis gets wind of it!—*John Solomonson.*

Coldwater, Mich.—If forty-four isn't the correct answer, my eyesight is failing and my watch is a liar.—*Paul A. White.*

WELL SPOKEN, GEORGE!

Chicago, Ill.—Our movie houses can help the war effort considerably by offering, in lieu of dishes and other types of gifts, United States Defense Stamps—*George E. Hora.*

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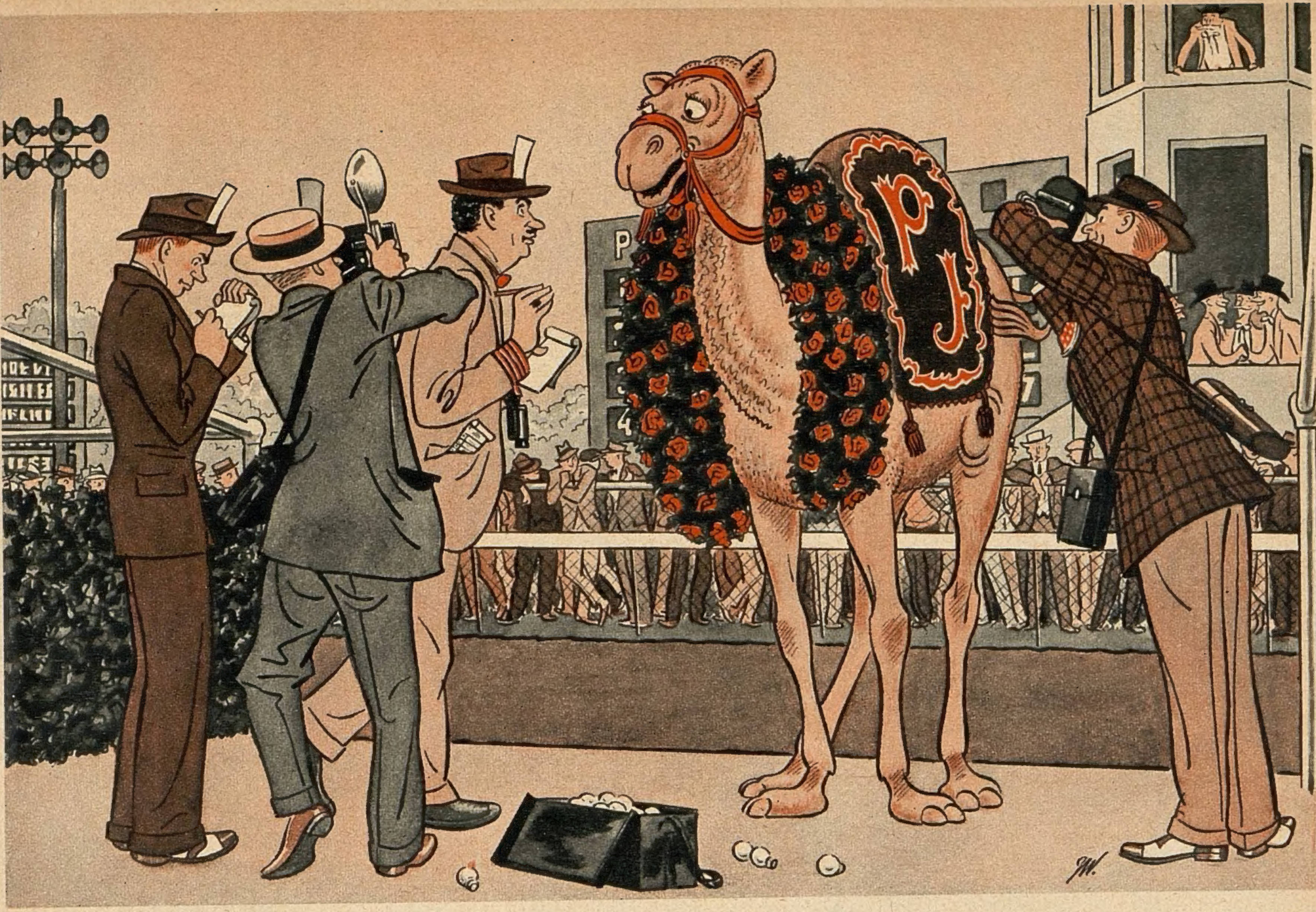

"Hold it, Camel!"

REPORTER: Will you be good enough, my Asiatic Antelope, to tell me how in the name of ten thousand little Persians *you* got that wreath?

CAMEL: Master, it was a gift from grateful track judges.

REPORTER: For what, camel? For what? Did *you* win a race? Are they racing camels around here now? Are you a *racing* camel?

CAMEL: Not at all, master. It was all very simple. I gave the judges some excellent advice about whiskey. They, in turn, were so overjoyed they gave me this wreath.

REPORTER: Wow! What in the name of Seven Hills did you tell 'em?

CAMEL: I told them of a quality in whiskey of which I am the living symbol, Sahib. This is the quality of *dryness*. Some call it lack of sweetness. I told them of a rare and wonderful pearl among whiskies whose magnificent *dryness* permits its full, rich, mellow flavor to come through unimpaired. This is Paul Jones whiskey, master.

REPORTER: Look, camel, you're not talking to a cub. Dry whiskies come high—and those judges aren't *all* millionaires.

CAMEL: Ten thousand pardons, master. Have I neglected to tell you that this glorious Paul Jones whiskey is sold for so modest a sum that the wisest of men know it as *a great buy?*

REPORTER: Ah. Now my furry foreigner, you've got a *story!* No wonder they were grateful . . . I am too. Would you like another garland, my fine and noble fellow?

CAMEL: Ten thousand thanks, giver of good things! But if I might . . . if the Most Gracious would not mind . . . a little hay, perhaps?

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

CHAMPION
PATENTED
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE
BONDS
STAMPS

Wake up Sleepy Motors

with CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Wake up your sleepy motor—step-up gasoline mileage to the maximum by having your spark plugs tested, cleaned, and re-gapped at regular intervals.

When should spark plugs be changed? That varies, as most any spark plug will continue to function in a hit or miss, wasteful and inefficient manner almost indefinitely. But why continue wasting gas with old, worn-out, carbon encrusted spark plugs, and why put up with sluggish, inefficient performance when new Champions will rectify these troubles—which usually occur after 10,000 miles of service?

Have your spark plugs checked today. If you need new ones insist on dependable Champions, the only spark plugs with the Sillment seal which prevents harmful gas leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leakage in spark plugs causes over-heating, pre-ignition and rough, wasteful engine operation, it's decidedly to your advantage to insist on Champion Spark Plugs for champion performance.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

THIS WEEK

May 9, 1942

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★ ★ ★ ★

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NEXT WEEK

May 16, 1942

HE MYSTERY INDIA

ouis Bromfield has lived in India, udied the country, and written two otable novels about it. To next week's berty he contributes a fascinating and uminating article wherein he makes

ear a number of things concerning that ast and really little known land now so uch in the news. It comes to you with me unusual pictures; you'll find it a ovel feature.

DELA ROGERS . JOHNS

idely known as an author, reveals herelf in another role next week. Of her hildren, one is an R. C. A. F. flyer, another in the U. S. Army, a third in a ilitary academy, and a fourth (a aughter) an airplane-factory inspector. esult: some words you won't soon foret about Mother's Day, 1942.

OW GENERAL MARSHALL UNS THE ARMY

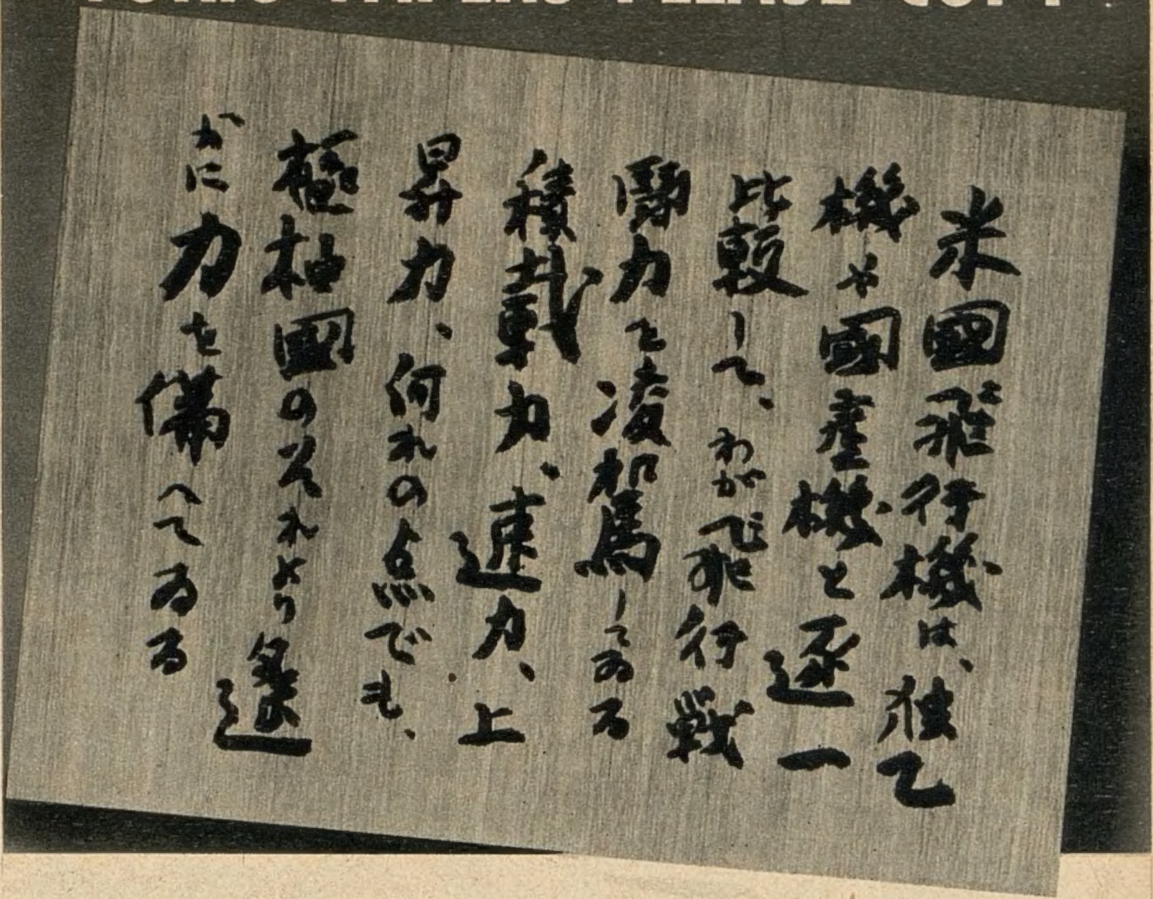
a close-up by the Washington Merryo-Round men, Drew Pearson and obert S. Allen. Best thing of its kind e have seen. You will *know* the comhander of your army when you have ead it.

HE LEARNED O SAY YES

ere's a discovery for wives! The warmly uman story of how one woman found

er way out of a wife-husband-secreary triangle. Rowena Farrar wrote it; ome one you know may profit by it.

AND: More stories, by Ray Millholand, Stanley Paul, Karl Detzer . . . ats and Bayonets, about baseball in artime, by Frank Graham . . . A iquant and eye-opening article about lm-star Ginger Rogers . . . There isn't oom to tell all. It's a fine issue.



TOKIO PAPERS PLEASE COPY

米國飛行機は、独乙機や國産機と逐一比較して、わが飛行戦闘力を凌駕してゐる積載力、速力、上昇力、何れの点でも、枢軸國のそれより遙がに力を備へてゐる

Translated, this means:

"American warplanes—plane for plane—can outfly and outfight Nazi and Jap machines. They pack more power, speed and climbing ability in every pound."

That's bad news for the Japanese . . . particularly since it is something they can't do much about. The basic reason American planes are superior is that their engines are designed for high-octane gasoline. And only America has plenty of the three things needed to produce high-octane gasoline: 1. Vast resources of high quality crude oil. 2. Superior refining processes, developed by the American petroleum industry. 3. Adequate production of anti-knock fluid to increase octane ratings of military gasolines.

Today a nation at war reaps the benefit of the petroleum industry's many years of effort in developing better fuels for peacetime transportation. From the very beginning, the makers of Ethyl brand of antiknock fluid have engaged in research work to improve fuels and have assisted in the development of engines to take advantage of these better fuels. It is our privilege today to offer our product and technical experience to the cause of American victory.

ETHYL

REG. TRADE MARK

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID IS MADE BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION

She's a good friend of yours—

The girl behind "the voice with a smile" is known to everyone. You have learned to count on her in daily telephone calls as well as when emergencies come.

Now meet her sister

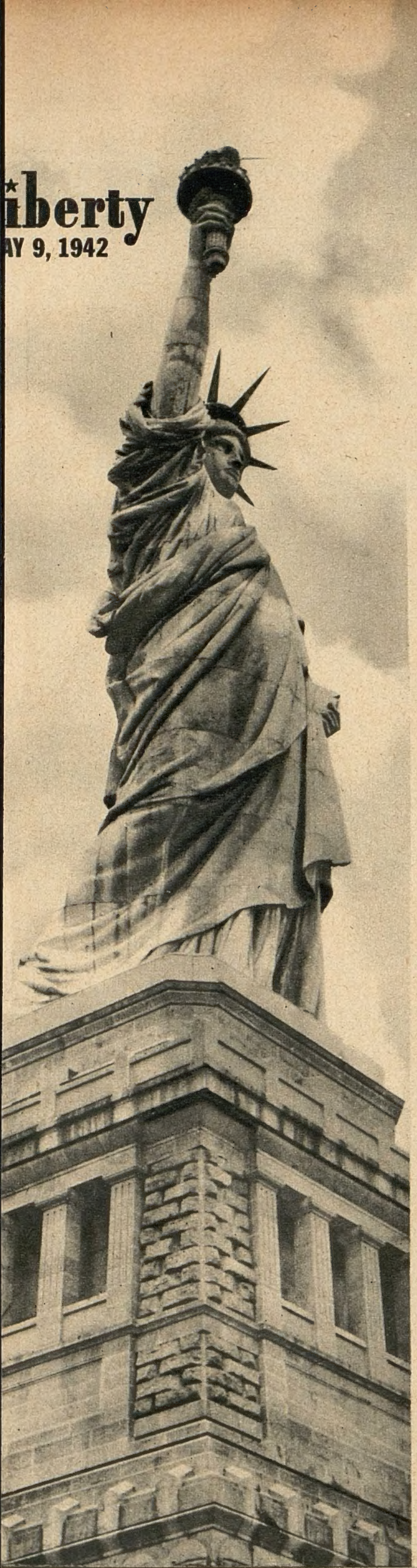
—also a Bell System girl. She's your friend, too, although you've never heard her voice. Here she is on the final telephone assembly line at one of Western Electric's great plants. Like the fifteen thousand other women in the Company, she does her work well. She's proud of the part she plays in making telephone equipment for this Nation . . . and for the armed forces of the United Nations.

Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

FOR VICTORY
...keep buying
Defense Bonds

iberty
AY 9, 1942



LET'S FACE THE FACTS!

☆ THIS is what losing the war would mean:

It would mean a world run by Hitler from Germany. Washington would be filled with American Quislings, taking orders from Nazi agents sent here from Germany, in turn taking orders from Hitler.

We would work where we were told to work, at jobs chosen for us, at wages set for us. If it pleased Mr. Hitler, we would be moved from Cleveland to St. Louis, from Denver to Dallas, from Miami to Minneapolis, whether we liked it or not.

Our children would be taught what Hitler wanted them taught, and we would have nothing to say about it.

We would be arrested at the whim of any official flunky, with or without a reason—thrown into jail for as long as it pleased them—with no trial, or subject to the edicts of the judge, who could make laws on the spot, even if the formality of a "trial" were observed.

Any Fascist agent could enter our house at any time, without a warrant, and take any member of the family, without explanation.

As laborers, our unions would be dissolved, our treasuries confiscated, our officials killed or jailed. Collective bargaining would end.

As employers, we would manufacture what we were told, would sell at prices set for us, would employ whom we were told, and would lose the power to discharge any one—all at the discretion of official flunkies from whom we would take orders.

As women, we would lose every vestige of equality, relegated to a place of inferiority to serve the race.

As clergymen, we would preach only what Hitler wanted us to preach —and nothing else.

As newspapermen, we could write only what Hitler wanted us to write —and nothing else.

As radiomen, we could broadcast only what Hitler wanted us to broadcast—and nothing else.

As Christians, we could worship only as Hitler wanted us to worship, according to the new Bible, Mein Kampf.

As Jews, we would be thrown into ghettos, with every human right and dignity trampled upon.

As Negroes, we would be spat upon and beaten.

All of us would eat only what was left after Germany had had its fill.

All of us would wear only what clothes were left after Germans had taken what they wanted.

All of us would live as an inferior degraded race — second-raters, despised and existing at the sufferance of the Master People.

And we couldn't say or do anything about it. A whisper, a suggestion of protest would throw us into concentration camps, where no one could reach us, to be whipped, starved, and murdered by thugs.

In every trolley car, in every movie, in every meeting, on every street, in every suspected home, in every company there would be agents of an American Gestapo—listening.

This is no empty theory. It is no war propaganda. It is no prophecy. The example has already been set. It is before our eyes in Europe today.

In a word, the issue is whether we and our wives and children want to live as slaves, kicked around, crawling and begging for every pittance.

For Americans with any shred of dignity, with any shred of pride, with any shred of courage, there can be only one answer. We've got to realize that these things *can* happen, and are going to happen unless every employer really forgets business as usual and profits as usual; unless every worker goes all out for unbelievable production; unless every housewife avoids hoarding like a plague; unless every one of us scrupulously saves every scrap of metal and rubber and paper; unless every one of us decides that we're going to go on a lower standard of living, and like it; unless every one of us buys and buys and buys defense bonds and stamps; unless all of us forget our prejudices and our differences, and pull together in one united, magnificent effort to make sure that these things won't happen to us and to our children.

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America's
New
Problem

LONELY WOMEN—

America's New Problem

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

AUTHOR OF WOMEN FOR DEFENSE

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IF men were not made to live alone, even less were women. It is less easy for women than it is for men, because the scope of things which girls and women can do by themselves is more limited than it is for men. But with five to seven million men due to be removed from normal living conditions in the United States, going off on the seas or up in the air, encamped in strange countries or distant in this one, there is no choice in the matter. There will be more lonely women in this country with every passing hour.

Of course there have always been lonely women—wives whose husbands have died or have tired of them; mothers whose families have broken up; maladjusted women; isolated ones. The women who frequent tearooms, who are seen at lectures and concerts, alone or unidentifiably together, middle-aged and old women in black, are part of the mosaic of the city life of America. And of all other countries for that matter. Loneliness has haunted the farmhouse, too, especially before the coming of the automobile and the radio to break into rural isolation.

The difference today is that loneliness is no longer merely the problem of the spinster, the widow, the divorcee, and the woman who lives in remote places. The gayest and prettiest young girls face it. Brides see it staring at them from the altar. Girls who are used to dates, who had steady fellows, girls who like to dance or to go to a show two or three times a week, have no escorts. Young women who took it for granted—and with reason—that they would be making a home for themselves this year, are back with their parents, or living on in the apartment until the lease runs out, without the man who was to share it. Wondering where he is.

A great wave of loneliness is inevitable. It could easily be a strange and abnormal loneliness, not even filled with things to remember, but with only a few insufficient, taunting memories and hopes rolling around in it. It is a loneliness which cannot be sure of a happy outcome. And what are the freest, the most independent women and girls in the world going to do about it? Are they going to be able to figure out ways of turning this period when, for the most part, they must live without their men to some advantage and improvement? Or are they going to let it ride them?

The first thing to remember about loneliness is that it has probably never killed any one. It is not malignant in that sense. But it can take a shocking toll of the human system nonetheless. It is enervating and exhausting and it often gets its victims in such a weakened, nonresistant state that they can easily be attacked by morbidity, melancholy, desperation, or cynicism. Any of these germs can prove fatal.

I saw a very pretty girl with a well-bred look "pick up" a soldier the other day in a fairly public place. He looked as basically a decent fellow as she did a girl. But they went altogether too far for the onlookers' taste before an hour was over, and the girl didn't care who saw them.

"Is she acting that way because of some patriotic notion?" one observer asked.

And another said, and he was probably right, "I think the girl's just lonesome."

Her method is one way to fight loneliness, but it's never been known to win. It is just about as bad as not resisting it at all. Neither method gets a girl or woman anywhere, and loneliness is victorious in the end.

There is no getting away from the agony of human separations in wartime. All we can do is balance the agony of them against necessity, against right and honor and pride in sharing the heroism of the world. But loneliness is not separation. It is the mood of defeat that comes after it, and it can be beaten.

I met a girl on a train not long ago who was on her way back from Hawaii. With her were her two small children. She had come back to the United States because, she told me, her husband was afraid that sooner or later the island might have hell bombed out of it, and air-raid shelters, as the girl admitted, were no place for her four months' old baby. She didn't have any idea when she would see her husband again, and I knew what that separation meant when she showed me his picture and said reflectively, "He's much better-looking than that." Which was almost unbelievable.

But she did not mope. She said that the thing to do was to keep busy. She played with the baby, fed it, put it to sleep in its traveling basket, and saw that the older child was amused with some toys. Then the girl herself went on into the club car and talked to people, men and women. Not about herself. About the war and what was going to happen.

Nothing about her conduct was hysterical. She simply had set her face against morbidity and she knew that one preventive was the company of other people. She knew that she shouldn't spend all her time with the children, though she was obviously both an expert and devoted mother.

I don't know when I have admired any young woman more than I did that one, with her cool challenge to loneliness to try to get her down. She could handle her own situation, but there are other girls not so competent.

I know a man who is worrying about his son, or rather about his son's girl. She has gone to a large city to meet the boy who is in the army and they are to be married at once, before he is ordered abroad, which is in the cards.

The father said to me, "I don't know that it's fair to Dorothy. She says she'll get a job and stay in the city. She probably can get a job. But it's not much of a life for her. She'll be lonely."

I suggested, "There should be plenty to do in a city as big as that."

I knew what was in his mind. A pretty girl in a big city, without a man to take her out, can have a very dreary time. He was right. And something should be done about that. There are going to be so few escorts in some places for long periods that we ought to alter some of our customs and our inhibitions to fit a present situation.

For having an escort has been far more important than some people—especially the women who always have one—realize. Women are supposed to be independent in this country. They have equal property rights, they vote, they are on hundreds of "mixed" committees, and many of them earn their livings as well as any man. But it is just as true as it ever was that women cannot go to many agreeable places of amusement by themselves. It is a simple fact that a girl often

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Pistol shooting is her hobby during her leisure hours.

hates even to go to a movie by herself.

She knows that nobody will hurt her or make fun of her, that she is quite safe if her conduct deserves it. But she "feels queer." If she can get a girl or woman to go with her, as she usually can, she won't have to stay home from the movies. But her girl friend or her aunt or her mother is not the kind of companion who will go out with her to a place where there is dancing. It sounds like a triviality to think of such a small deprivation in time of war. But it has its serious side. As lonely evening succeeds lonely evening, as a hundred stand side by side waiting for a girl to get through them, her life becomes ill-balanced and her worries about her man, her life, the war, and the future close in on her. Sometimes, try as she may to put a brave face on things, her morale slips, and only the person who doesn't know what horror unbroken loneliness can be will blame her.

Society must help these lonely girls and women. The spread of loneliness is far greater in this war than in the last. Like everything else, it is on that total scale we are beginning to recognize. It is going to be more of a problem because we are going to have more men involved and probably for a longer time. But it is going to be less of a problem, on the other hand, because the girls who are "left behind" are going to have more work to do. A great many will keep or get jobs and a great many more must be urged to seek them. For work edges out loneliness during working hours.

The variety of work which is going to be open to women, as well as its patriotic importance, is a great and helpful factor in the situation of 1942 and ahead. For hundreds of new kinds of jobs in the industrial and business world are going to develop new skills and faculties in women, and take their minds off their own personal destinies for a good deal of the time.

Work in civilian defense will have a like effect in expanding the individual woman's horizon, in interesting her in other people and in making her feel that she is aiding the military forces and is truly in the war.

She has her children, but she needs other interests too, if she is to escape loneliness.

It is the nights that "are going to be the worst," as all lonely women have always known—the evenings and the nights. For fear comes out at night, and emptiness expands when it is dark. And the girl who has worked all day should not keep on working in the evening, in justice to her job and in justice to her health.

She can stay in her home, her room or flat or house, and read a good book, and—in spite of all the jokes—there are books which really do turn the trick of becoming companions. It isn't true for every girl or woman, but for many of them there are magazines and books that one looks forward to coming home to, knowing beforehand that they will give release and pleasure. Each girl knows what kind of book she wants for company: romance, detective story, or book of travel.

That helps. But, unless a girl is a bookworm or a student, she can't do that every night. Too much reading not only palls but it destroys the pleasure of the times when she does "stay in with a book."

She can do housework, if she has a house. She can sew and knit and wash her clothes. I knew a young widow who told me that she used to get up in the night when she had tried in vain to sleep and was getting morbid, and cook. After making a batch of cookies or a pie she could get to sleep. That's extremely true. Many a time I have cleaned out closets that didn't need it and moved furniture at strange hours after midnight. The thing is to put your mind on something definite and do it. It breaks up a spell of worry or brooding.

Of course very few lonely women, comparatively figured, are going to have houses or furniture or ovens. Each one of them has to find the thing that will preoccupy her in the hours when her spirits sink and are about to fail her. A radio helps, especially if she listens to a radio intelligently, following commentators or news periods, interesting herself in something that is being taught over the air.

Perhaps she can do some studying in some place outside her home, in a high school open in the evening, or in a Y. W. C. A., taking swimming lessons. Perhaps she can make some trifle with a needle. It doesn't matter what she does as long as she feels occupation must go on until she has completed something, until that sense that her world is stopping has been vanquished for a time. She will have

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

irl defense workers relax at pocket billiards.

FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

War work helps to conquer women's loneliness.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Women can help toward victory by turning farmers.

to do the same thing over again, but she is wise if she has some activity on which she can put her mind.

But this is not enough. To be on the safe side, a lonely person must have company, and that does not mean that being in the middle of a crowd or on a packed streetcar gives company. There must be a human exchange, a give-and-take between people, before there is any companionship.

In a country as meeting-conscious as this one, we should be able to manage to break down some of this spreading loneliness among women with our meetings. Even in a small place, even in a rural district, there are frequent gatherings of people. In a city there are many going on every night. But lonely women and girls won't come to them unless there is a definite effort made to get them there. They will say, "Well, I didn't like to go alone," and stay home.

Surely the church meetings, the women's meetings, the defense groups, the amateur choruses can do something about this. They should take into consideration the fact that in every community normal relationships are all shot to pieces, that though girls and women don't go around groaning, they are nonetheless suffering. The centers for defense production are, of course, already working on this problem and have set up organizations to provide recreation for women workers.

But the loneliness isn't only in such obvious places. It is in every one's town now; it riddles the cities. I think every women's club, every girls' church circle should consider it part of its duty to work against war loneliness. Amusing, honest, frank invitations, truly meant, might bring surprising results. But the average welcoming committee, old style, will have no effect on it. Lonely girls want a personal, warm welcome.

The clubs and the organizations can help, and a girl can fight loneliness in her own individual ways, but what will probably do most to destroy it in the long run is a changed social attitude suitable to wartime and to changing habits in our society.

In many ways we are still Victorian about the matter of escorts. Girls in small cities imagine that "in New York it is different"; but in New York and Chicago it is not so very different. A girl who wants music with her meals once in a while has a hard time finding a place where she can go and not feel "queer" if she is by herself.

Women and girls are also, in many cases, still reluctant to speak to a stranger lest they be misunderstood. That is nonsense in a country at war.

The other night in a crowded New York restaurant I saw a pretty young woman sitting opposite an army officer. It was obvious that he wanted to speak to her and I believe she wanted to talk to him just as much. Neither said one word. And it was a pity, for each would have enjoyed the dinner more with conversation.

Every one with any sense knows what kind of person or invitation needs to be avoided for reasons of decency and safety. A girl doesn't go for an automobile ride with a stranger. She doesn't go to a man's apartment, unless she knows the man well. She considers what and how much she should drink and in what company. But in a country when we are all thinking of one thing, and worrying about one thing, why not talk about it and talk to one another, instead of letting loneliness burn us up? It is not a time to let a stranger, man or woman, who seems lonely pass without a word of greeting.

The final fight against loneliness must be carried on by the woman herself. She must work first of all, and then she must divert herself, finding ways that suit her environment and temperament. It is a good time to read. It is a fine time to develop a habit of writing real letters, amusing letters, ones that really say something. How those letters are waited for!

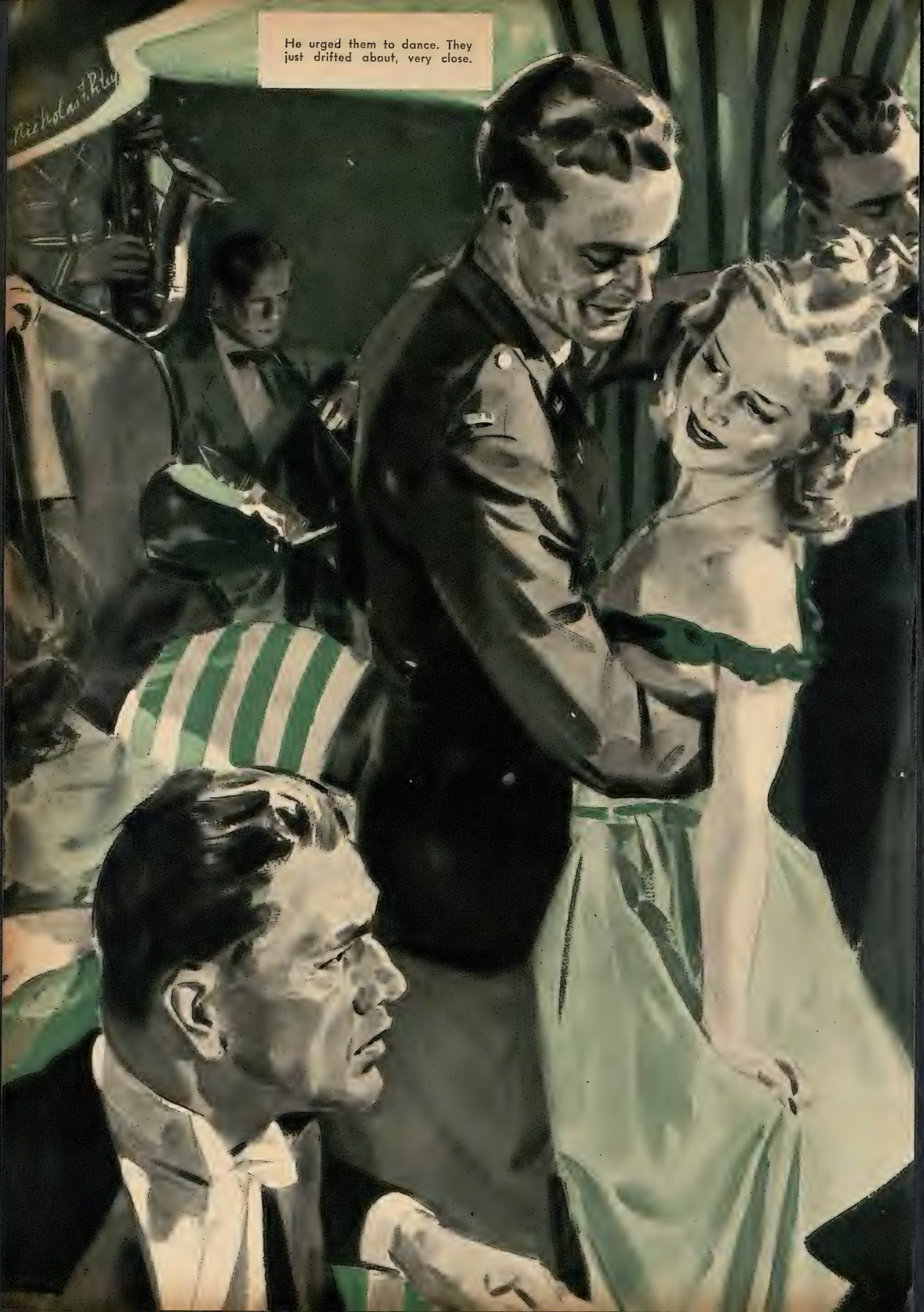
It is a time to care for personal health. No one has any right to be sick now, if it is avoidable. It is time to watch personal appearance, without extravagance or vanity. It is a time not to go without diversion.

But this can all be done best in an atmosphere which can be created by a public mood, a mood of warmth and sympathy and kindness, and those who need help can also create the mood for others. It is very important, for we must do everything we can to combat loneliness in women. We should, because when the men of the armed forces come back, they should not have to face women who have lost their spirit, girls whom loneliness has wrecked. And if some of them do not come back, all the resources that have been built up against loneliness will help women to see the rest of their lives through usefully, as the men would want them to do.

Most of all, if a woman could combat her own war loneliness in no other way, she should be able to face it when she thinks of all who share the same sense of strange and abnormal living. That was brought home to me one morning when I saw a great training station for a branch of the armed forces which was under construction. As far as I could see stretched barracks, their walls patterned by hundreds and hundreds of little windows. They were being made ready for the thousands of young men who would wake up a few weeks later in those buildings, far from their homes, their former work, their girls, but ready, without making a fuss about it, to do the job which free people must take on and finish.

The men can take it. And the women can too. For wars are won by men and women who can win the first battle against changed methods of living and personal loneliness.

THE END


Nicholas F. Riley

He urged them to dance. They just drifted about, very close.

INAL ROUND

BY JOEL REEVE

The story of a champion who played the game to the end . . . for a boy and a girl—and love

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ MAXIE was a small voice in a tiny body, a little jockey of a man with pinched features and a tight double-breasted suit. He said, "Look, Jim, you are ready for the shelf. Five years you've been champ. Three hundred fights you've had. Money you've got. Why should you box Butcher Boy Grogan?"

Jim Baxter, middleweight champion of all the world, looked around the midtown apartment which had been decorated a year ago by a girl with dark, languorous eyes and a figure like a shapely hourglass—a nice girl named Louise. She had done a very refined and comfortable job.

Outside was New York. All of it, big and sprawling and raucous and full of Jim Baxter's odds and ends of life. Part of it was a big bank on Fifth Avenue, where there were bonds and a whopping checking account for Jim's considerable needs.

Jim said, "Get me the Butcher Boy. Never mind our end of the gate. Just bring that Brooklyn bum into the ball park."

"It is positively murder," said Maxie, his scrawny face white with anguish. "You are thirty-two come Tuesday. You spend each night in the Golden Box, spieling on the floor. Chippies you chase . . . ."

"Was I ever different?" Jim grinned, and he had all his teeth. There were almost no marks on his ugly plain features. He laughed aloud. "I can walk among Grogan and his entire family and never get clipped! Go get him, Maxie!"

He thrust his manager through the door, stifling the last wails of protest. He came back and stood in the exact center of the pleasant room and gazed at the photograph upon the piano.

She was fragile and pretty as a small blossom and young as a dewy morn. She was as sweet and competent as a —as a left jab! She was ash-blonde and her eyes were blue—and she was lovely through and through. There it was again—poetry! Jim shook his head, marveling at such a thing. Poetry!

Her name was Betty Jo and she was fresh from Georgia, and the Golden Box floor show was lucky to have her in the line. Jim had already made them put her on the end, and if the singing teacher could help, she might even get a solo spot. Her voice was very sweet. Thin, they said, but it suited Jim.

He went into the dressing room and stripped for a shower. In the full-length bathroom mirror he examined his waistline critically. There was a slight bulge. But he grinned at it. Butcher Boy was a clouter, strictly stupid. Jim had never even bothered to train for such clowns.

The dance floor was Jim's best training camp. Betty Jo preferred dancing with him to anybody else. She liked him—a lot. She would love him, Jim thought, if it wasn't for that shavetail from the Air Corps, that Lieutenant Sonny Morgan. That kid, who could scarcely keep himself on his scant army pay! But Jim could not be angry with Sonny. That was impossible. He was a nice kid, clean.

Jim hurried with his dressing, gave the white tie a final twist, looked once more around the apartment at his possessions. Then he went out and took a cab to the Golden Box.

☆ SONNY MORGAN leaned across the table, his eyes glowing. He said, "You're going to fight Butcher Boy? Wow!"

"Yeah," said Jim. "Why not? He's the best."

Betty Jo's pert but wise little face was perplexed. "But you said it wasn't smart! You said you were through, honey! You said the kids could fight for the title, that you were going to resign!"

Jim weighed the words in his mind before he spoke. He would have to be very careful not to tell them the truth. It would never do for them to guess the truth. He said:

"Well, it's like this. A champion—when all is said and done—well, he's the champ. See?"

Sonny said eagerly, "I get it! I get it!"

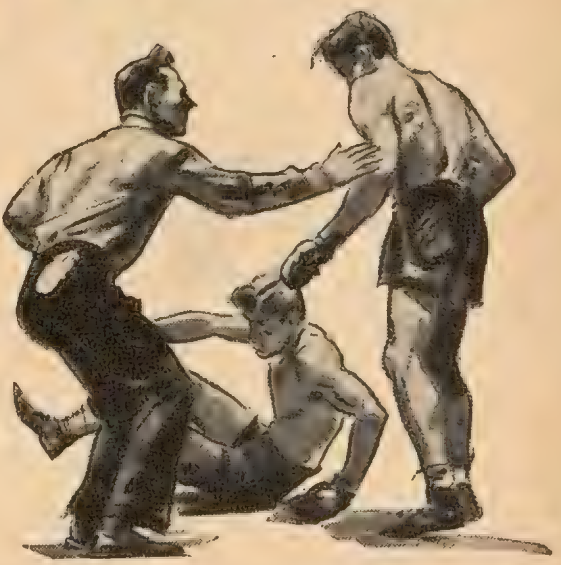
"He should finish it right," said Jim.

Betty Jo said, "You said you'd never train again. And your record, Jim! You never lost since you were champion. Suppose—suppose you lose?"

Jim made an expansive gesture, but there were sharp lights in his dark eyes. "So what? It will be over then. Only you've never seen me fight, you two. Well—you'll see this one. Right at ringside. Both of you."

"Oh, yes!" cried Betty Jo. "You'll win. I didn't mean that you couldn't beat him, Jim. You're the champion!"

The band played, and he urged them to dance together. They did not seem to have anything to say to each other. They just drifted about the floor, very close, in that youthful style of dancing so popular among the kids Jim rarely saw at the Golden Box.



Away off, a man was counting.

The next dance was Jim's, and then people stopped to watch, murmuring his name, admiring. His footwork was professional. He was poised perfection, and Betty Jo was a laughing, breathless sprite, whirling gaily in his expert grasp. It was a poem, he thought, and again wished he knew about poetry. It was wonderful.

He gazed into Betty Jo's blue pleased eyes and knew she was happy. He opened his mouth, but his tongue would not perform. He had never spoken words of love to her. He had never found himself able to begin.

☆ MAXIE said, "I made it. I signed your death warrant."

"Butcher Boy deserves his shot," said Jim sententiously.

Maxie sprawled upon the white leather divan.

"With yourself," he retorted, "you could at least come clean, Jim. What you want is a chance to show off! A chance to show Betty Jo!"

"You're nuts!" said Jim, avoiding Maxie's gimlet eyes, looking at the Van Gogh print which he had never understood but had grown to like very much. Louise had been pretty clever about those things, putting them in and letting Jim learn to like them. "You're balmy!"

"She's nineteen. You're thirty-two. That boy—he's her right age. That Sonny. But no, Jim Baxter has got to be young. Butcher Boy he should fight, to be young again."

"I'm defending my title! I'm the champ!"

"You're the chump!" Maxie tried to sneer, but the worriment won. He pleaded, "Jim, let me call it off. He'll absolutely 'moralize you, Jim. Butcher Boy is a hitter. Fast he is, and a mauler, like Walker. Only with more punch. I'm telling you, Jim, it's all wrong."

"He's built for me," Jim said. "I love those clumsy clowns!"

"Not no more," said Maxie. "Not at your age. It's a crazy thing, Jim. Let me call it off."

"No!"

Maxie moved toward the door. Jim said, "It's just another bout, Maxie. Get your chin out of your vest."

Maxie stopped and said, "That Louise. She is brokenhearted, that fine girl, the way you did her. That is a good, sensible woman. Betty Jo is nice, Jim; I like her. But you can't lop off years. You can't do it!"

He went quickly out of the apartment. Jim walked restlessly up and down the soft Persian rug. After a while he felt all right again. Here at home he could always feel all right.

* * *

MAXIE, the Boxing Commission, and finally Betty Jo drove him to the training camp in Jersey. He cracked to the newspapermen:

"This will ruin me! This is sad! Why should I train now, when I never did before?"

They looked pointedly at his middle even while they laughed and drank his liquor. So Jim trained. He did his very best, because that was his way.

He played phonograph records in his cottage and tapped out swift routines. That helped pass the hours. He had recordings of his favorite band at the Golden Box, and when he played them he closed his eyes and imagined he was whirling on the floor with Betty Jo.

He called her. They spoke at length, and she was very warm and kind to him. One night Sonny was there. The youth said excitedly:

"Jim, it's terrific! I got a month's pay down on you! Got odds, too! Man, will you make me happy!"

"That's fine, kid, fine!" said Jim. But uneasiness was in him. The wise money was on Butcher Boy. In all his fights since winning the crown, the odds had never been against Jim Baxter.

He trained a little harder. The fat came off his waistline and he felt great. He was sharp as a tack for the boxing. He carried his arms low from habit, letting his nimble feet and marvelous reflexes defend him. His sparmates could not hit him with a hammer in each hand.

Strangely, however, he was apathetic when the day came. He went early to the ball park and waited at a certain gate, and pretty soon there were Betty Jo and Sonny. Betty Jo was breathless with excitement.

They hung on to him. Sonny's hand was surprisingly strong on Jim's arm. "It sounds silly, Jim. But you've been so darned good to Betty Jo. We—we'll be praying for you down there. You—you've got to win, Jim!"

"It's just another fight," Jim said. He could not match their emotion. He regarded them as from a distance. "I've had hundreds, kids. Go on in and see the semi. I'll be all right."

He watched them move down the aisle. Sonny was a foot taller than Betty Jo. They stayed very close together following the busy usher. Jim went to the dressing room.

He undressed slowly. He felt feeble, weary. Maxie looked at him sharply, bustled about, started winding the bandages as soon as Jim was in his trunks. The moments of waiting beat down with relentless rhythm.

Doc Pugh came and put down his bag. Doc was a whisky-laden man, the best patcher of ring-gained cuts in the business. Jim said:

"Hello, doc. What makes?"

"I'm working for you, ain't I?"

Maxie lowered his head over the bandages. Doc Pugh had never worked for Jim before. It had never been necessary.

Jim shut his lips hard. There was no sense in being angry with Maxie. If Maxie thought Doc would be needed, it was very smart to hire him. It was ridiculous to be angry with Maxie.

Yet Jim's jaw was like iron and rage blistered him at Maxie's lack of faith. When the call came, he went down to the ring wordless, his eyes stormy, brusquely acknowledging the roar of the crowd with a half gesture.

He sat on the stool and glared at the myriad of bottles and brushes that were Doc's tools. So Maxie expected him to catch punches. The betting odds were against him. After twelve years of belting out palookas all over the world, they were selling him down the river before the event. He hated the world.

Butcher Boy came over to touch hands. He murmured, "You must be dizzy, makin' this one. This is coitans for you!"

"Back to Brooklyn, bum!" Jim snarled. He had heard about Butcher Boy's gab. Jim wheeled back to endure the preliminaries of introductions and ballyhoo.

His attention wandered. He found himself counting the house—an old habit. It was pretty full. The sky above the ball park was star-studded, so there would be no rain. It was a good night for a fight.

He began to feel a little better. He winked at Maxie, who was quite pale. This was number three hundred and one, and Maxie had always been pale before the bell. Jim snickered and Maxie batted his eyes.

The referee called them out for the usual instructions. Jim looked the Butcher Boy up and down, regarding the corded muscles, the youthful swagger. How many of them had he seen, hopeful, game, but awkward? Too many. He was balmy, was he? He sneered at Butcher Boy.

Back in his corner he pulled on the ropes and stared down at the two dark blobs which were no longer recognizable now that the white glare converged only upon the canvas. He had been fighting when those two were in grammar school! Why, he had been champion when Betty Jo entered high school. Butcher Boy Grogan! Pah!

The bell was a meager clamor against the sudden roar of the crowd. Butcher Boy was coming like a bolt of lightning, straight ahead, chin down, seeking to get inside with hammering fists, angry as a bull. Jim bounced away, dancing a little.

The left hand snaked out. Jim moved on wires, smoothly, like an automaton. He retreated, but it was a Napoleonic maneuver. The left flicked, painting a gory story on the hard face of the crouching, plunging challenger.

Butcher Boy came on and on. He was duck soup, Jim thought surprisedly. He was a push. Jim wheeled to the left, feinted. Butcher Boy paid no attention, coming in, aching to get close. Jim socked through with the right glove.

It hit upon the hard skull, too high.

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our question expert, missed Nos. 7, 8, and 16. Count double if you get those right. Of No. 3 he commented, "An inch by any other name is just as wet."

1—The name was Miss Ava Gardner. Now it's Mrs. Yule. By what other name is she best known?

2—King Gordius of mythology is remembered by what legendary object and event?

3—When the Weather Bureau says an inch of rain fell, does it mean enough fell to cover an acre an inch deep, or to fill a measuring glass, or what?

4—Name the four men who have held the office of Attorney General under President Roosevelt.

5—If a sailor says he'll swallow the anchor, what does he plan to do?

6—The Egyptians took it as 3.1605. The Greeks took it as three and a seventh. We take it as three followed by a decimal. What do we call it?

7—An item of woman's wear will be limited, because of the war, to four colors—blushblonde, townmist, sunnitan, and amberspice. What is it?

8—What do the letters WPB stand for?

9—If a child of unknown parentage is found in the U. S., is it accorded U. S. citizenship?

10—In his recent bouts with Buddy Baer and Abe Simon, Joe Louis did what that no other heavyweight champion has ever done?

11—What musical instrument was invented by Benjamin Franklin?

12—What outrageous pun is believed responsible for calling that spot on your arm the "funny bone"?

13—Who is always the president of the American Red Cross?

14—The term "curfew" is derived from what ancient custom?

15—Their names were Joe, Johnny, and Frank. But they worked so well together in their chosen sport that their last names became legend and no one speaks of one without the others. What were the last names?

16—We all have to "face the music" at times. What music was originally meant in the expression?

17—Virginia is called the "Mother of Presidents." But which state should be called the "Mother of Presidents' Wives"?

18—Now our clocks are set ahead an hour. is it proper to call it "daylight-saving time"?

19—New York ranks first in population among the states. What other state held this rank in the past?

20—He was one of our greatest actors and the whole nation mourned his recent death. His daughter, however, carries on his work. What are their names?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

His hand burst into a thousand bits, Jim thought. He held it high, faking with it, making his eyes cool, stabbing the Butcher Boy with the left. He dared not show the pain, though it ran up and down his spine until his blood was chilled thin wine.

The round ran out, and Jim stopped dead, right in his own corner, ready to sit on the stool which Kerosene swung under him. He could see Betty Jo and Sonny, when the lights went up, hugging each other in glee, shouting his name.

Maxie whispered, "You busted it!"

"All to hell," said Jim.

"Doc's got a needle." Maxie was sweating like a horse. "Novocain."

"Let's have it," said Jim.

Kerosene and Maxie covered Doc while he manipulated the hypodermic with the speed of a prestidigitator. Jim's hand went numb. Maxie said:

"You're into it, Jim."

"I'm all right."

"You are lousy wrong," said Maxie; "but you'll stick."

Jim laughed. "I'll cut him to little bits!"

He went out for the second, still laughing. He stabbed the left a hundred times. He opened the Butcher Boy twice, but he had to hold the right for fear it would crack all to tiny pieces and never be any good again, not even for eating.

It was a parade of rounds, all identical. The pain came back to the hand in the seventh, but Jim said nothing about it, distrusting too much needle. He used his left, winning a thousand points. He was leading by a mile, he knew, with one hand. He laughed again and again, proud.

In the tenth his foot slipped a little and Butcher Boy got inside. Jim tried to tie him up. Jim's arms were, he found amazedly, not so strong. The Butcher Boy's chin anchored upon his chest and two brown gloves swung, still tireless, at his midsection.

*

JIM'S insides turned over with a sickening thud. He had never been raked by such fire. He backed away incautiously.

A right hand came from nowhere, slammed against his jaw. It caught him squarely, sent him reeling and sprawling, skidding on the canvas, rolling out under the ropes. He flopped back inside the ring upon his reflexes.

Away off somewhere, a man was counting. Jim knelt, his hands spread to support his body, his head hanging almost to the floor, like an old nag on a hot day. There was not much sense to it. He might as well lie down and rest.

The Butcher Boy was not a bum, after all. Never, Jim knew, had a harder punch been thrown by a middleweight, not even by Ketchel. The Butcher Boy carried paving stones in his right. Maybe he was not clever, but the Butcher Boy was a champion in his heart and his punch!

"Seven . . . eight . . . ."

No use to get up. His own right was gone. He would catch another of those cement blocks against his jaw and get killed, no doubt. It was all over—and what was the use?

Betty Jo! Sonny! He lifted his head and stared. They were directly below him, holding each other in fear. Their young faces were ghastly. As Jim's head lifted, Sonny came to life, shouting:

"He's awake. He's all right! Come on, you *Jim!*"

Betty Jo leaped to her feet. "Stay down! Don't get up, Jim! You'll be killed!"

But Sonny pushed her gently away and made a trumpet of his hands. They could hear him over in Brooklyn, in Butcher Boy's own bailiwick. "Get up, you champion! You Jim!"

Jim got up. It was ridiculous, but there he stood, his legs spread, his hands powerless at his sides. He said distinctly:

"Is that your Sunday punch, Butcher Boy? O. K. Now come and get one of mine!"

He managed to waggle the useless right hand He did not try to get the left up, because he had not the strength.

Butcher Boy blinked, suspicious, scenting a trick. He walked widdershins, pawing with an ineffectual left, trying to draw a bead without risk. The bell rang.

It was ten miles to the corner. Maxie could have come out to get him, but Jim shook him off with a nod. He had to seem strong. He made it, walking straight, his head high.

Maxie said, "Was that smart, getting up?"

"No," said Jim.

He edged around, looking down at Betty Jo and Sonny. Betty Jo was weeping, but Sonny was clenching his fists, leaning forward, worshipful. Doc began doing things, and Jim winced, but felt better. He said, "The needle, Doc."

He hardly felt the hypo this time. Maxie said:

"Can you make it, Jim?"

He took a deep breath and looked into the anxious eyes of his friend. He said, honest at last, "I'm too tired, Max. I couldn't go five more rounds."

Maxie said, "Take one, Jim. Take one downstairs and quit."

"Tired," whispered Jim. "Old and tired."

*

THE warning whistle drove Max away, still imploring, "Don't let him get you again, Jim. Take one!"

He was alone for ten seconds, all his world toppled about his ears. He looked quickly down at the kids, then turned his eyes away, upon the straining, eager Butcher Boy. The bell tolled.

Butcher Boy raged and snorted. He was a killer, a crowd-pleaser, a real fighting champion. Jim stepped straight ahead. Butcher Boy clawed, trying to get inside.

Jim planted his heels and crouched a little. He held it steady, seeking balance, breasting the storm of leather which tore at him.

His crown trembled, toppling to one side. Butcher Boy was frantic, throwing punches. Jim bled, dropping his right hand too low for defense. Butcher Boy started his lethal punch.

Jim's right dipped in, came flashing. It crackled on jawbone. Jim shook loose from clutching hands. His face hardened, his left rammed, hooking to the glazed, astounded features of the Butcher Boy.

Then there was nothing to hit. The referee was turning Jim away. He shook himself, strolled to a neutral corner. He leaned there, watching the Butcher Boy kick and struggle and fail to arise.

The crowd was standing on the chairs, screaming his name. Jim wheeled about, mitting them on all four sides of the ring, drinking it all in.

His legs ached, his knees trembled, his middle was raw with welts. But he was the champion, and he stood there, sucking in great breaths of it all—saying good-by.

It was, he knew now, the last time. He was too tired.

*

IN the Golden Box, Jim sat quite still, holding immobile the ball of fire which was his right hand. Betty Jo said:

"And with the money we won, Sonny and I can get married right away!"

"But you gave us the courage," said Sonny. "You were the greatest thing I ever saw, Jim! You were swell, terrific!"

"Well," said Jim. "Married, eh?"

"We're going to try it. This war—everything—we were scared. But you showed us, you taught us . . ."

"It was just another fight," said Jim. "I'll tell you something, kids." He paused. "I made this fight for you. I saw you needed something—I thought it was money. Here!"

He scribbled a check for the amount of the purse. Every cent, minus a hastily computed tax. He pushed it across to Sonny, stood up. "A wedding present. No—don't say a word. I planned it that way."

They exclaimed this and they cried that. The orchestra was playing Whispering, Jim's favorite. Betty Jo said:

"I'm so happy! Out of this world! Let's dance, Jim."

"I—er—" Jim swallowed hard. He said hastily, "I've got to go. Got a date. Sorry, kids. See you at the wedding."

He walked out and got into a taxicab. He had almost given it away, there for a moment. He had almost admitted that he was too tired to dance. He said to the driver:

"The Drive. At 126th Street."

Louise would be there. She always listened to his fights and was too excited to go anywhere afterward. Maybe he could get her to come to his apartment and have that supper. It was, after all, her apartment, and if she would come with him he could get off the collar and white tie and rest.

THE END

WINE OF FREEDOM

BY MORRIS MARKEY

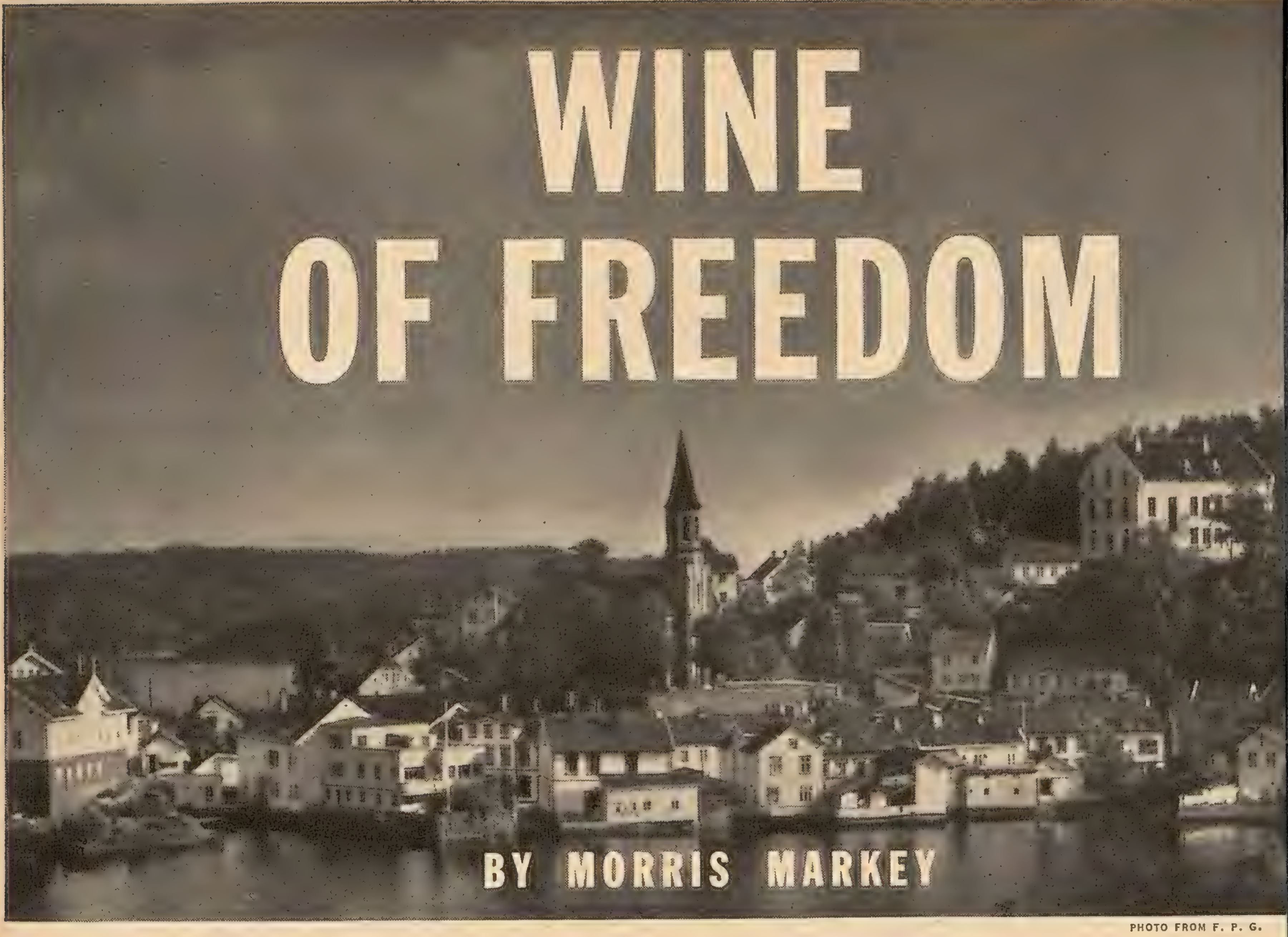


PHOTO FROM F. P. G.

Norway before Hitler struck. This was Tvedestrand, a typical town on a southerly fjord, popular as a summer resort.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Last week's Wine of Freedom article outlined the general plight of those peoples of Europe and Asia whose homelands Axis forces have overrun. The present article details the miseries and the hopes of the Scandinavian peoples and those of Belgium.

☆ FOUR invaded countries may be regarded as more or less of a unit in the fabulous New Order of the German Nazis. In so far as he has anything specific in the way of plans, Hitler has about the same plan for Holland and Norway, for Denmark, and for at least a part of Belgium.

Of course the German New Order is, in practice, no more than a confused, arrogant, and angry attempt to rule some 200,000,000 conquered human beings by terror and hunger and propaganda. There is no basic pattern—only a deal of hysterical shouting about Superior Mankind (Germans) and Slave Mankind (the rest of the world, including, of course, citizens of the United States).

But Hitler at least pretended to have something a little different planned in the case of these four countries, and he explained why:

1. Their people are "Nordic"—as even Hitler's definitions confessed.

2. Their languages spring from the same ancient Teutonic tongues which produced German itself.

WHAT HAPPENED IN 1940

HOLLAND Population 8,800,000
Capitulated to the Germans May 15, 1940, after five days of resistance and heavy losses.

NORWAY Population 3,000,000
Capitulated to the Germans June 9, 1940, after sixty-two days of resistance.

BELGIUM Population 8,400,000
Capitulated to the Germans May 28, 1940, after eighteen days of severe fighting and rear-guard actions that allowed the British to prepare for their escape at Dunkerque.

DENMARK Population 3,800,000
Invaded April 9, 1940. Unable to resist, having no army.

The German government under Adolf Hitler had signed solemn pledges with these countries, guaranteeing their territorial integrity, guaranteeing them against invasion. Hitler had repeatedly declared that German ambitions did not take them into account.

3. Each had, even before the war began, a recognized Nazi or Fascist party of its own—small, to be sure, but a nucleus upon which Hitler could build.

Arthur Seyss-Inquart, the German overlord of Holland, stated the point of view of his masters. "These people," he said with insufferable vanity, "might even one day be spiritually and culturally Germany's equal!" And he spoke of Hitler's "innate decency, which makes him desirous to absorb the Dutch and certain others as comrades, enjoying full equality in the German Europe of the future."

The upshot was that Hitler set out, oddly enough, to woo the victims of his four most shameful aggressions. The Hollanders were even granted the right to take on German nationality without losing their own citizenship. The people of all four countries were given to understand from the outset that with "tact" and "sensible co-operation" they might buy many privileges and liberties, including the release of prisoners of war.

It is to the eternal glory of the human soul that through hunger and persecution, through blandishments and promises of the most persuasive sort, the Hollanders and the Norwegians, the Belgians and a great many of the Danes have scorned the bargain. It is a profound lesson to us that they replied to the Germans:

"Your proposals are indecent. We shall fight to the end for our freedom!"

When the German panzers shattered the Hollanders' last redoubt, their problems of rule seemed simple. They had a ready tool in Anton Mussert, Holland's Quisling and leader of its Nazi Party. It was true that less than fifteen per cent of Hollanders belonged to that party. But surely the rest would come to their senses and learn where the buttered bread was kept!

So the German soldiers were ordered to be "absolutely correct"—to smile and make friends, to be like big brothers. But the Germans made three typically German mistakes:

They took the industry and love of contentment among the Hollanders for complacency and stupidity.

They overlooked the enormous power of the Church—both Protestant and Catholic.

They could not believe that anybody would be so devoted to liberty.

Finally, they bombed Rotterdam after that beautiful city had surrendered, after the war was over, slaughtering 25,000 innocent men and women and children.

It was this last, naturally, that lit the fires of resistance at the very outset. The smiling, friendly German soldiers meant nothing beside the news from Rotterdam. Yet the Germans did not realize for quite a while that these things were mistakes. And there was something of grim comedy in their persistent appeasement of the Hollanders.

"Come," they jollied in the newspapers which they had seized. "Come, we are not such bad fellows. Let's all be friends together. Bygones should be bygones."

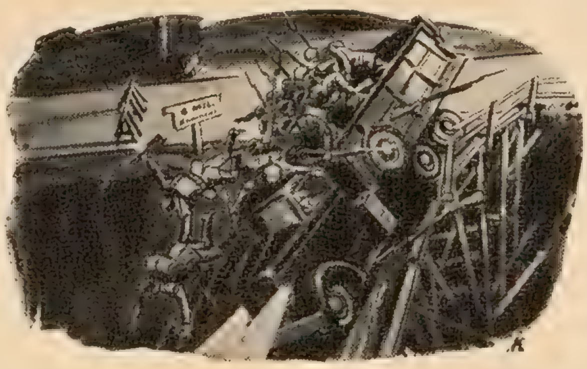
Even when they clapped 100,000 Hollanders into prison camps, closed the great liberal university at Leiden, and dissolved the trade-unions, they explained in the most amiable fashion that this was all for the good of Holland. It was progress!

But slowly it dawned upon them that the Hollanders were not listening. Their speakers began to get two Netherlands versions of the Bronx cheer: such ringing applause that the speakers' voices could not be heard, or the constant sounding of bicycle bells in the audience. Holland's Nazis were incessantly (but politely) insulted by Holland's loyal Hollanders: "Good morning! How well you look! And how your new traitor's suit becomes you!"

Then things became more serious. Trains bearing Netherlands meat and grains away to Germany were wrecked on a systematic plan. Vital communications were cut. On certain evenings the whole population of a city would drift out into the countryside, and soon the R. A. F. would be over, smashing everything to bits. A hospital used as a hotel by German officers was cleanly blown to ashes.

Could there be an exchange of signals between the Hollanders and the British? There could be. There was.

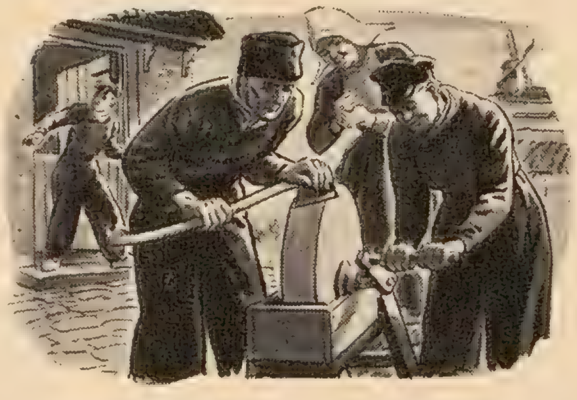
Stubbornly the Germans refused to give open recognition to these disagreeable things. The army remained polite. But soon hordes of Gestapo men, of police and SS Troopers began to sift across the border from Germany. Policemen and judges, mayors and officials of every kind were put out of their jobs, and their places filled with Netherlands Nazis—the ragtag and bobtail of the population, but able to speak German, willing to swear allegiance to Hitler.



Until at last, about a year ago, the issue between the loyal Hollanders and their conquerors was fairly drawn. Sabotage, slowdown, the killing of German sentries and officers became an organized business. And German reprisals took on their familiar cruelty.

Here is a letter smuggled through in February of this year:

> The Germans still pretend to believe that our fight against them is not really a fight to the death. But I promise you it is. I have joined the Sabotage Ring. It is so well organized I know only six other members and none of the leaders. But I learn what to do. In the last six months there have been more than 250 train wrecks. You perhaps read about the blowing up of the big ammunition dump at Amersfoort. (I know a seventeen-year-old girl who helped there.) Whenever it is rumored that a factory or grain storage is to be taken over by the Germans, it is promptly burned up.
>
> They have not executed many of us, because that would be a confession we are important. Only about sixty since the autumn. But many of your old friends are in prison. I try not to think about them.



About 200,000 Hollanders have been shipped off to work in German factories of the Ruhr, which the R. A. F. bombs regularly. The increase of tuberculosis and diphtheria among Holland's young is appalling. Juvenile crime is three times that of the highest prewar year—partly because the Germans systematically encourage the young to drink intoxicating liquors. Gambling resorts are wide open—something quite new for pious Holland—and the effort to debauch old and young alike is unremitting.

The Church fights back with enormous courage. The Protestant ministers openly exhort the people to resist the invaders and fight by any means at hand to restore liberty. On numerous occasions Catholic priests have refused to marry Netherlands Nazi Catholics, or to christen their children, or even to bury them in consecrated ground.

Millions of loyal Hollanders dream every minute of the day when the United Nations will arrive to drive the Germans back. And for this day they have a name. It is *Bijltjesdag*—meaning Hatchet Day! Thousands and thousands of them have actual hatchets hidden away. They sharpen them ceremoniously every night, with the family watching. And they belong to We Remember clubs—each group picking out an enemy to remember and to watch until the great day comes. They pick out a tree and carve his first name on it. It will be his gallows on *Bijltjesdag*.

In nearly all Hollanders' homes there are hidden arms, and in some secret corner a verse is tacked up. It was written three hundred years ago, in 1640, by a Hollander poet named Jakob Cats, who even then knew the true nature of the enemy. Translated, it reads:

ALLIED
VICTORY

When the Hun is poor and down
He's the humblest man in town,
But when he climbs and holds the rod,
He smites his fellow men—and God.

That is tacked up just to keep them and theirs from forgetting.

☆ THE story of Norway under the heel runs quite parallel to the story of Holland. The Norwegians had the original Quisling—Vidkun Quisling himself. And they too were allotted a sort of junior partnership in the German New Order. But from the very first the situation in Norway was a harsher one because the Norwegians, with British help, put up a savage resistance. They killed about 80,000 Nazi soldiers, downed about 500 Nazi airplanes, and sank about one third of the existing German navy before they were overwhelmed. In addition, they saved for Allied use their

PHOTO FROM F. P. G.

DENMARK BEFORE '40 Young Danes doing a folk dance, "the Hatmaker."

BELGIUM IN '28 The Louvain Libr

merchant fleet, fourth largest in the world, by ordering all ships at sea to go to an Allied port.

At the time it was assaulted without warning in a "Pearl Harbor" of its own, Norway had been at peace for one hundred and twenty-five years. It was at the beginning of a new era of progress. New factories were going up, and new power plants. New minerals had been found in the earth, and mines sunk. Railroads and highways were in big-scale production.

The first German order was "Stop!" It was explained that in the New Order all industrial expansion would be in Germany. Norway would simply supply labor and raw materials.

Norway was a country of highly important trade organizations. Employees and laborers, farmers and fishermen and merchants, lumbermen and seamen all belonged to guilds which worked together at even balance. The Germans abolished all of them, even abolished the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and Salvation Army.

Nearly 250,000 workmen were hustled off to Germany. The fifty million kroner in the Labor Federation's treasury—an accumulation of five decades—was seized. And despite the "new role" of Norway under the Hitler promises, Norwegian workmen listened to this announcement from Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front:

"In two years, at most three, Europe will be so organized that it will be working full speed—for Germany!"

At the same time the Nazi-controlled press in Norway makes every effort to stir class hatred. It has frequent scornful editorials about "the unholy alliance between Top Hat and Worker's Cap"—proof in itself that all Norway, regardless of class or condition, is united for freedom.

Today there are about 350,000 German troops in Norway, about one for every ten inhabitants. There are also about 10,000 Gestapo agents. The cost of this army of occupation (which Norway must pay) is more than the total prewar budget. And Berlin ordered that the Norwegian standard of living be reduced by 50 per cent.

All the world knows of the thrilling escapes to Britain by Norwegian youths. Enough of them have got away to form a strong unit of the British army, and also to fight against Germany in the air and on the sea. They have participated in all the Commando raids against the Norwegian islands. And their cargo ships are the life line of the global United Nations front.

But the Norwegians who could not escape are doing their full share, too. Despite the fact that they are surrounded by soldiers and spies, that their churches and schools are closed and the teachers in prison, they have a powerful national front of their own.

Here is a letter carried to England in a small sailboat and mailed to Brooklyn, New York:

> We manage to break up a lot of propaganda meetings by jeers and catcalls, and more German soldiers than you might think are found in the morning with a knife in the back. New orders say they must not move around unless in groups of four or more. And how they whimper in that little second they have to see what they're going to get!
>
> Last week we derailed a train at Sandvika and wrecked it. It was food, headed for Germany. We cut the electric cables leading to their antiaircraft guns every dark night, and also their searchlights along the shore. We change road signs on the cliffs, so their trucks will take the wrong direction. When we are lucky, half a dozen trucks full of their soldiers will go right over the cliffs. J—— is one of the most daring at drilling holes in the bottoms of their boats and filling their gas tanks with water.
>
> Of course they are free and easy with their firing squads. Some that you knew well are gone now. And the prisons are full. In the Vollan jail, six men must occupy a one-man cell. And they have just put up a new prison camp for fellows between fifteen and twenty-one.
>
> But nothing they can do will stop us. None of us could sleep at all if we did not know that one day we will drive them out. We simply have no respect for the Germans.

Please remember the wonderful, damning restraint of that line—"We have no respect for the Germans!"

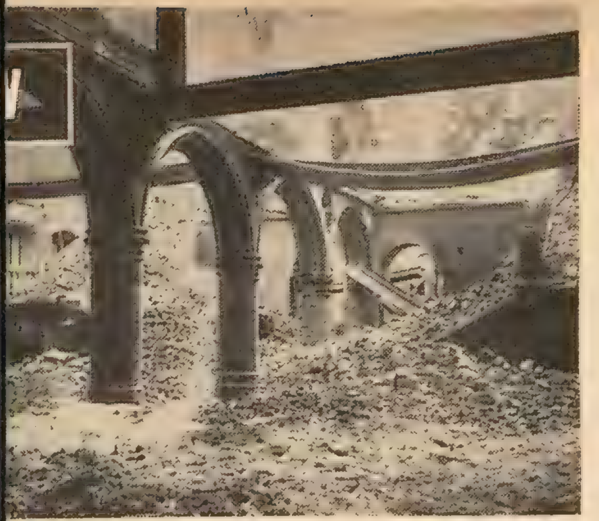
☆ THERE is one thing which enormously complicates the situation in Belgium. It is really a kingdom of two peoples, half of them speaking Flemish, which is very close to Dutch, and the other half, the Walloons, speaking French. Hitler has said that when his victory is won he will join the Flemings with the Hollanders in a new vassal state he envisions for the Lowlands, and will annex the Walloons to an enslaved France.

But the Belgians, whether Flemish or Walloon, are tough, fierce people. They know all about German invaders, from the last war. And they made it clear from the very beginning of this one that they wanted none of Hitler nor of German domination in their land. Of course that has made their lot all the harder.

The German generals found two Quislings when they got into Belgium: Staf de Clercq, heading the Flemish fifth column; and Leon De Grelle, running the Walloon Fascists.

They also found in this land (in addition to the great scholars and scientists and technicians whom they quickly put away) coal miners and iron workers, machinists and textile workers, millions of hard-bitten men and indomitable women living in the most densely populated country of Europe. These were not to be subdued easily, and Hitler knew it. So he

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



LGIUM TODAY The library's ruins.

quickly drew the most despicable of all his weapons: starvation. It is potent indeed against the Belgians, who have never produced more than one third of their food requirements—trading their manufactured goods for the rest. And from the day of their forced surrender the Belgians began to starve.

Among the very first jobs of the Germans was to destroy the celebrated Louvain University library. You will remember that they wrecked it in the First World War, and that it was rebuilt by gifts from American colleges. Now, characteristically, they destroyed it again, burning all but 15,000 of its 900,000 priceless volumes.

The next step was to disband the National Legion of Veterans (counterpart of our American Legion) and throw one hundred of its leaders into jail. And then the usual things: printing-press money; seizure of property and goods; the systematic effort to degrade all Belgians to the status of cattle.

For the very reason that they have so little to lose, the Belgians' resistance is probably the fiercest in all Europe. They go on strike frequently in great numbers, regardless of the harsh punishment they get for it. They take dynamite from the mines and blow up factories and rail terminals. They ruthlessly destroy grain and meat storages—quite willing to forgo their own trifling rations if a German must go hungry too. They have killed dozens of German soldiers, and not always from ambush. Brussels saw many a pitched battle last winter between soldiers of the invader and Belgian patriots with only wooden clubs for arms.

The sabotage is organized, of course, by the Underground Front. Slowdown, destruction, deliberate mistakes are all part of it. Fifteen million cartridges made in the Belgian munitions works were hauled all the way to Russia before it was discovered they had no powder in them.

Here is a letter from a young woman, a schoolteacher until invasion closed the schools:

> Naturally, everybody starves. The doctors have advised all youth to give up sports and unnecessary activity because their bodies are so weak. Children were fainting in the streets from hunger even before the winter was at its worst. Many of them have vile skin infections because there is no soap. But they keep up spirit. They were forbidden to put flowers on the graves of fallen R. A. F. men. So they plant poppy seed secretly, knowing that even the Germans cannot hold back spring.
>
> We give signals to the R. A. F. in various ways. The Germans know it, and they ordered that no sirens should sound to give the alarm in R. A. F. raids —hoping we would be killed. We sent that news to England. And nowadays the first ship in a British formation carries its own siren, and sounds it loud enough so we can run to shelter before the bombing starts.

Scores of Underground papers have sprung up, including La Libre Belgique, revived from its famous days of the last war. The papers carry in code instructions for the rescue and quick escape of the R. A. F. pilots shot down.

The Germans have shot and hanged scores of men and women, and put thousands in camps. They have sent 300,000 skilled workers to Germany —nearly one fifth of such in all Belgium. But they know they are having little effect upon the burning, devoted souls of Belgium. For they complain bitterly in their own press: "Can you stupid ones never realize that we are your friends?"

The Belgians have a large army in England. It escaped with the British at Dunkerque, and Belgian pilots with the R. A. F. have made a brilliant record. There is another big Belgian army in the unconquered African colonies—which are still sending out to the United Nations a steady stream of gold and radium and copper, manganese, rubber, ivory, and chocolate.

☆ DENMARK is in a rather peculiar position. Its only land neighbor is Germany itself. And Germany uses Denmark for air, navy, and army bases. A huge German army is stationed on the peninsula, and the Danish people are virtually lost under the swarms of troops. Therefore it is difficult to get news out.

But such news as does filter through gives all assurance that most of the Danes carry on—that they have not knuckled to German flattery or to the German lash.

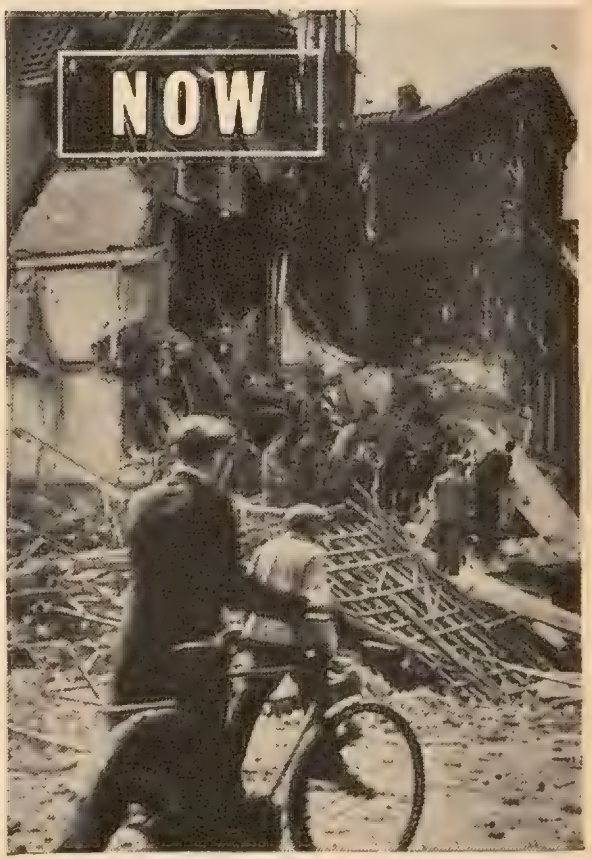
Danes and Hollanders, Belgians and Norwegians, the ears of all of them are tuned for news of us—for news of that day when we shall give them the sign that we are coming. And on that day they will rise up and strike with savage strokes for honor, and decency, and freedom.

The plight of France, the miseries of its people enslaved, the "Underground" heroism that is keeping its soul alive, will speak for themselves to America in next week's article.

AUTHENTICATED NEWS PHOTO

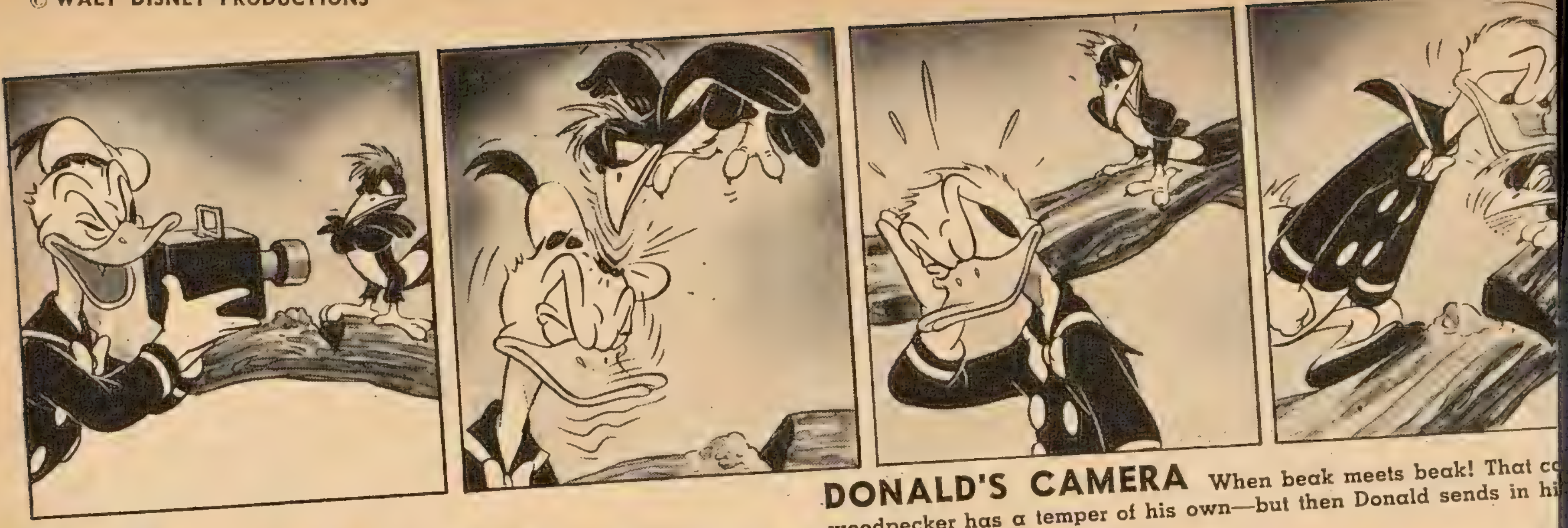
THE AMSTERDAM THAT WAS A bit of the busy harbor in peacetime.

INT. NEWS PHOTO



AMSTERDAM TODAY Bombers did it.

© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



DONALD'S CAMERA When beak meets beak! That c
woodpecker has a temper of his own—but then Donald sends in hi

DONALD DUCK'S *BIGGEST MOMENTS*

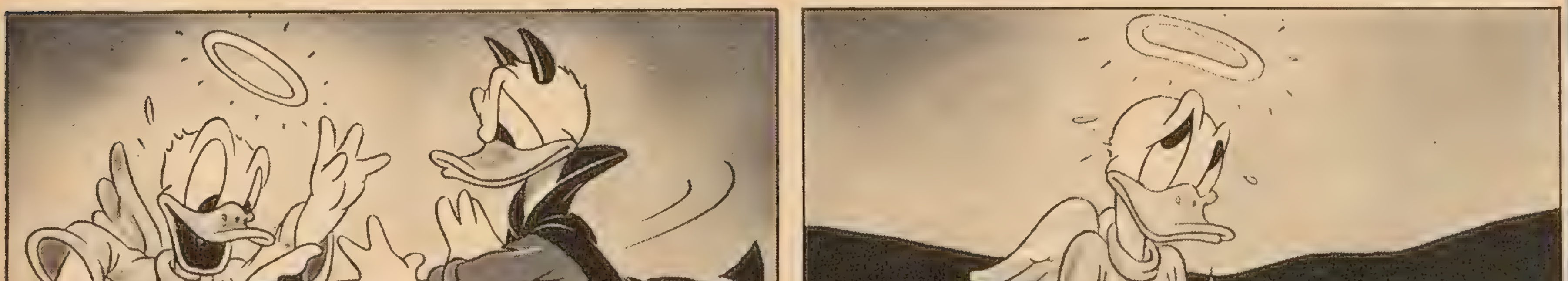
BY HOWARD SHARPE

☆ MANY, many sweet old ladies, cupping suspicious ears at Donald Duck's tirades when he gets mad—as when doesn't he?—have protested that he ought to have his bill washed out with soap and water.

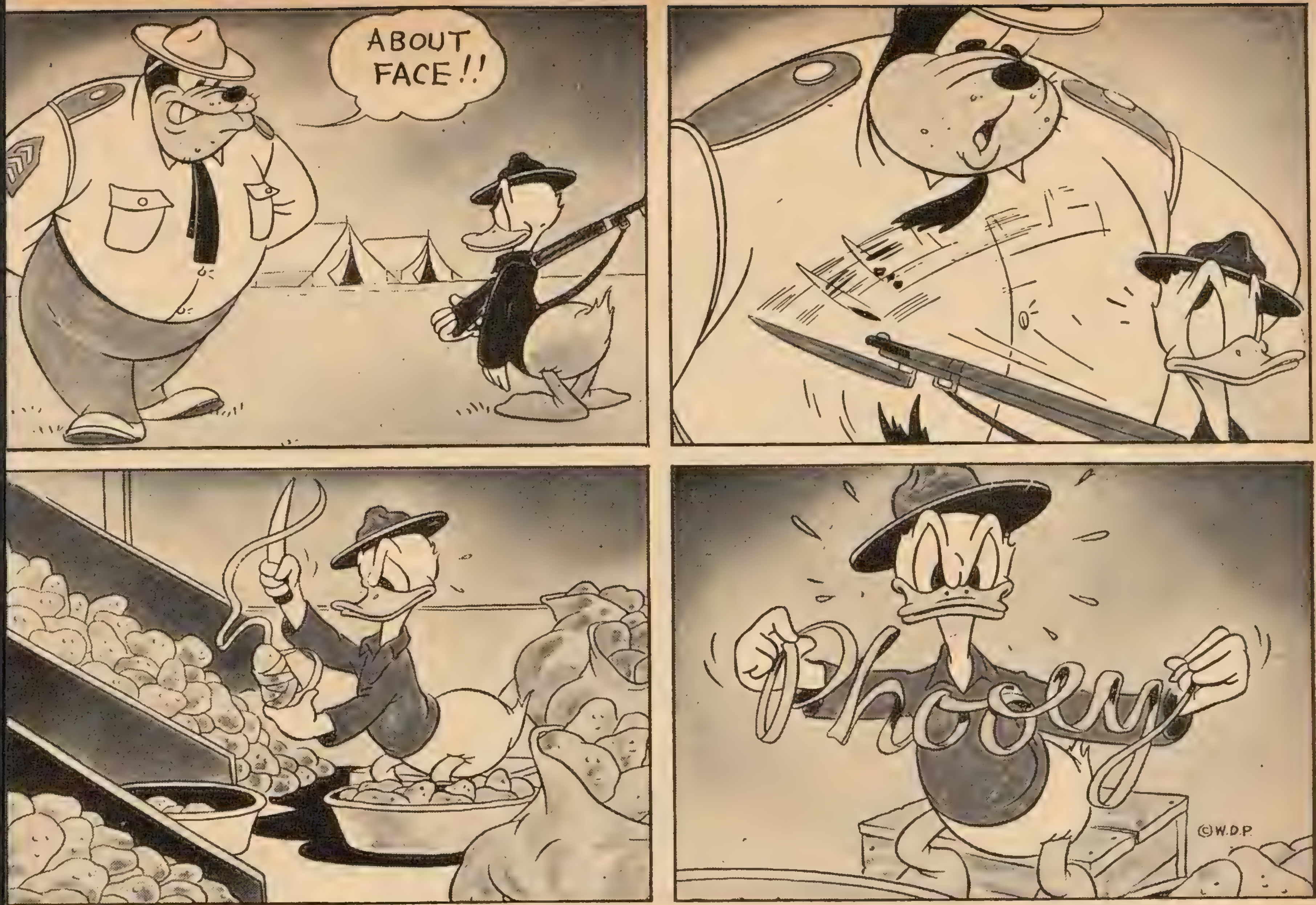
To chastise him thoroughly, they'd have to go back to his beginnings—back to a certain bird-and-animal imitator who, in 1932, gave in Walt Disney's hearing an impression of a child, not angry but scared, reciting Mary's Little Lamb. "Sounds more like a duck," said Walt thoughtfully.

The mind of genius thereupon churned and out came Donald, not scared but mad, as mad as—well, as hops, if the sweet old ladies insist! Simply by being a pest and losing his temper, he became the star of the Disney lot. Psychiatrists explain his popularity by calling him "epically symbolical of every small frustrated man in an era of frustration." Walt's explanation is simpler: "Life to Donald is just a hat with a brick underneath, waiting for him to come along."

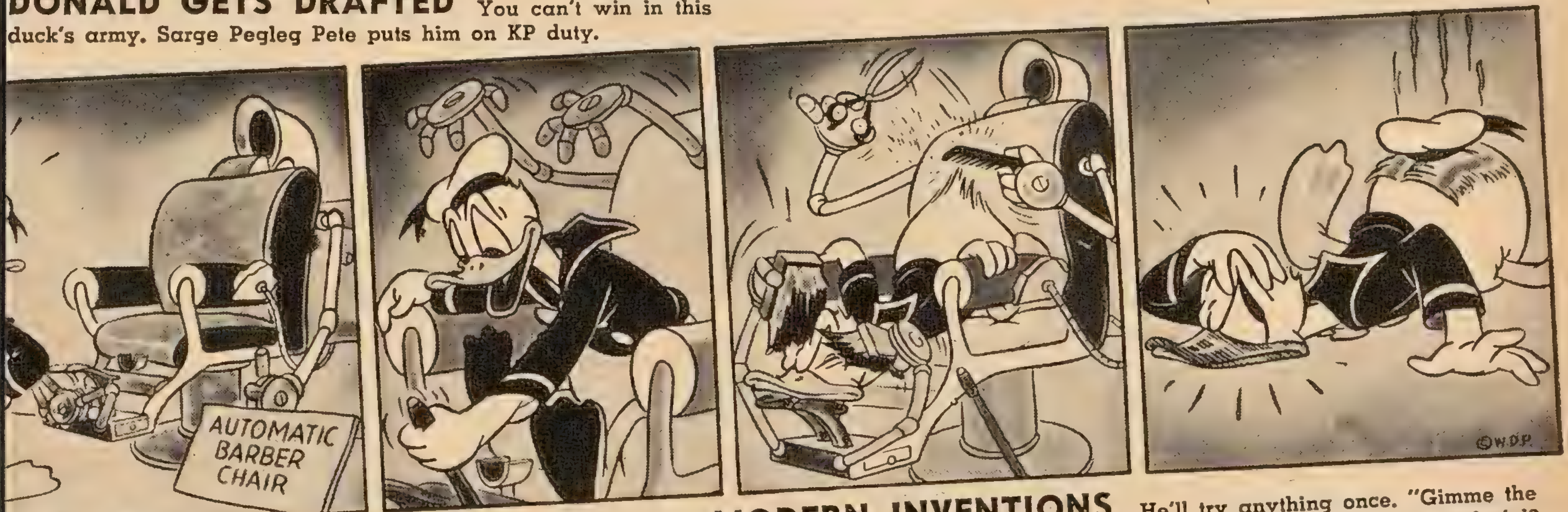
From the dozens of shorts in which Donald has appeared, these sequences were selected by artists of the Disney staff as the high (or low) spots of his career, then condensed and specially redrawn for use in Liberty.



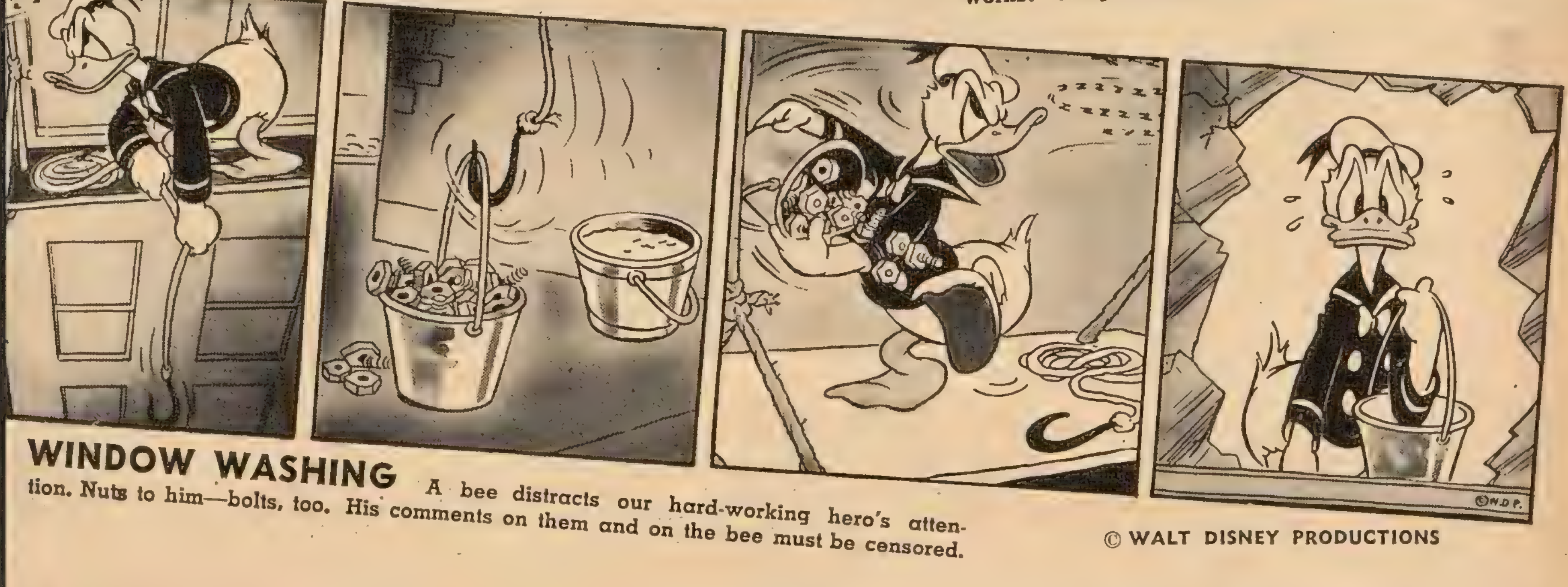
DONALD'S BETTER SELF He has one, winged and haloed, but there's a limit to what it will stand from him.


ABOUT FACE!!
Phooey
©W.D.P.

DONALD GETS DRAFTED You can't win in this duck's army. Sarge Pegleg Pete puts him on KP duty.

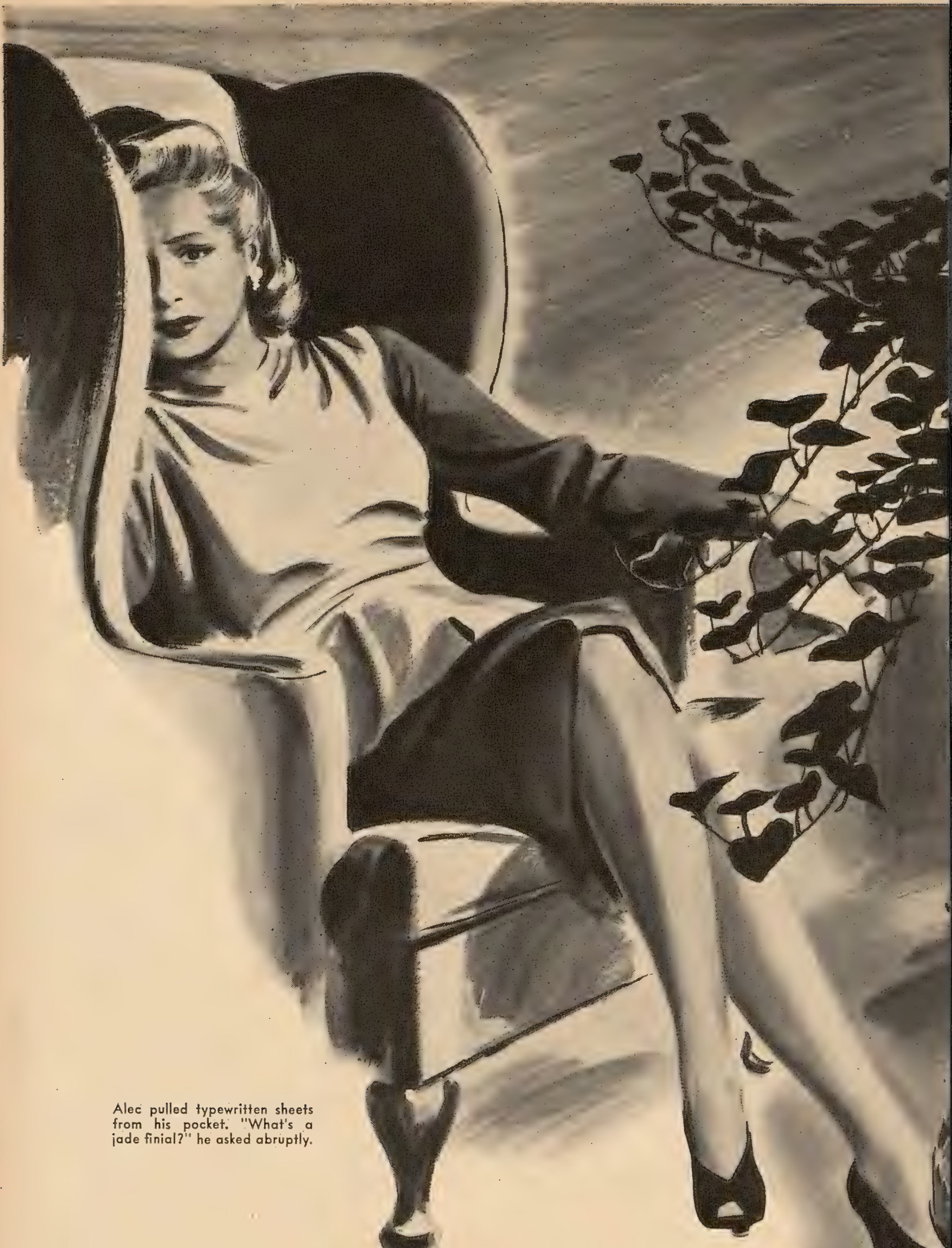

AUTOMATIC BARBER CHAIR
©W.D.P.

MODERN INVENTIONS He'll try anything once. "Gimme the works!" He pulls the lever. Ain't science wonderful?



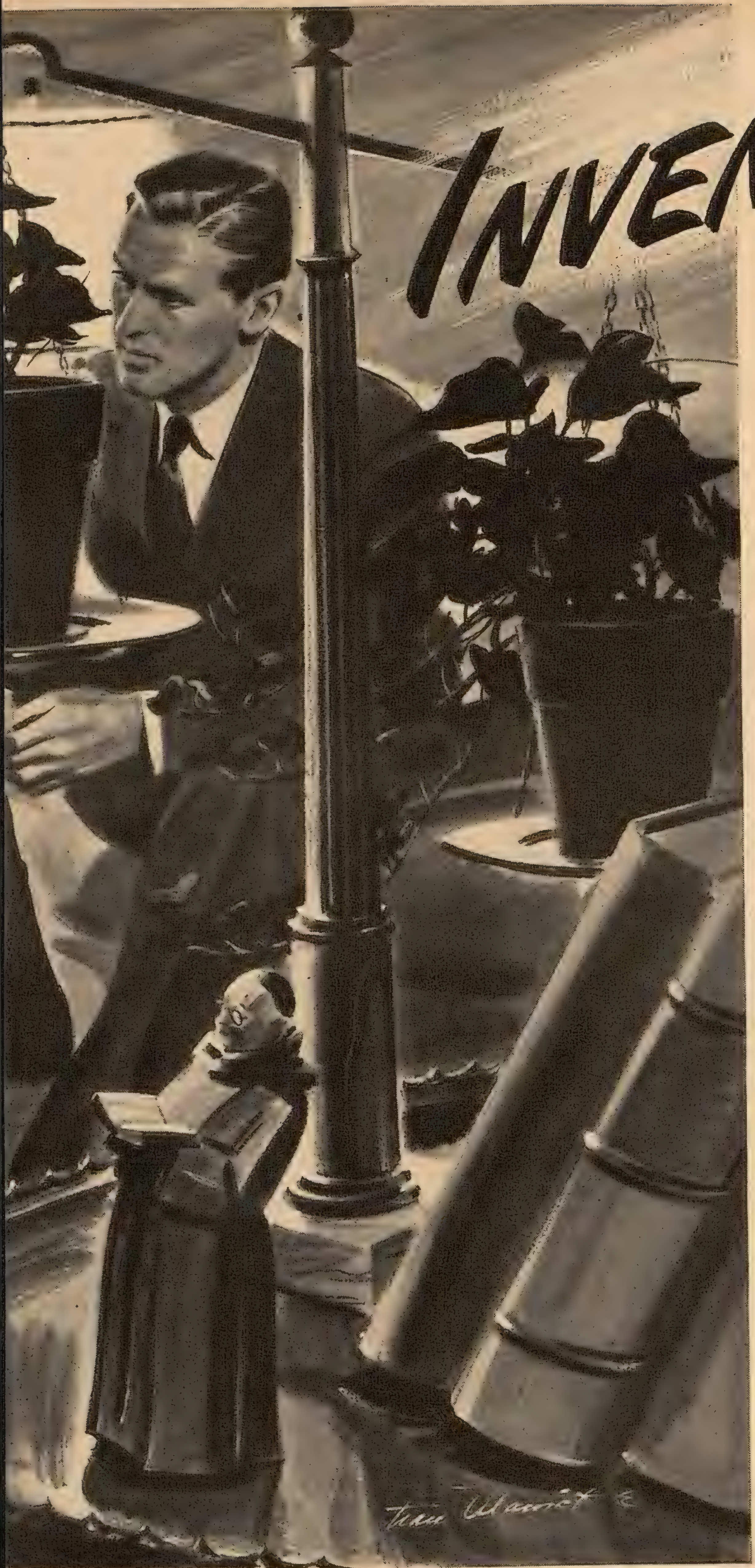
WINDOW WASHING A bee distracts our hard-working hero's attention. Nuts to him—bolts, too. His comments on them and on the bee must be censored.

© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



Alec pulled typewritten sheets from his pocket. "What's a jade finial?" he asked abruptly.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



INVENTORY

BY HAGAR WILDE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ ELLEN hadn't turned the lights on, but had sat, as dusk deepened, watching the lights in apartment buildings come on in patches and bright rows. Her throat tightened. She was twenty-eight. What had she had from life? Six years of marriage, a baby that had died, and now life's crowning gift—a divorce. She took another cigarette, her third in a half hour.

Six months had passed since she had seen Alec. Their only contact had been through lawyers. "Mr. Shaw wishes you to have the Connecticut house." Did that mean he hated it because they had built it together? "Thank Mr. Shaw. Tell him I prefer to dispose of it." "Mr. Shaw wished me to ask, Mrs. Shaw, if you object to selling the motorboat." "No, I don't object." "He'll send you a check, he asked me to say." "Thank Mr. Shaw for me."

Ellen by now had learned to face the truth. She knew that last bitter quarrel, hot with words and ugly with recriminations, had stung his pride beyond repair. Now, remembering the things she had said to him, a hot shamed flush rose to her cheeks. She wondered how it was that a tongue suddenly takes on a personality of its own—beats and flays the Alecs of the world while the Ellens sit in astonished disbelief of the accusations which are filling the room with ugly noise. Today, as arranged by their lawyers, Alec himself was coming to take his share of what had been their joint property.

Suddenly she rose, killed her cigarette, and raced down the corridor. In the nursery, awkward in her need for haste, she pulled out the bureau drawers, dumped all the tiny play suits and night clothes in a heap, stripped the little bed, and crammed everything, without regard for order, into a laundry bag. The bureau drawers she piled in a businesslike and heartless pattern on the floor. There. It had a cold and finishing look. It didn't speak of the time when a baby had lived there.

The outer door closed, heralding Alec. He mustn't find her here. What a maudlin scene it could be! She stole across the hall into the study, from there into the room which had been hers and Alec's, and through into the music room. In the door between the music room and the living room they bumped into each other in the dark. He put his hands out, and she felt, for the first time in six months, the strong sure grip she knew so well. She said, "It's I, Alec!"

Alec said, "Sorry. I didn't expect to find you in a dark apartment." He turned on a wall light and they faced each other with the constraint of strangers. "You're looking well," he said. "That's a smart dress. New?"

"No." She laughed a little. "Well, new to you, I guess."

Her eyes searched his face hungrily. The same square dark head and serious gray eyes that had lain, in imagination, through so many nights on an empty pillow beside her while she cried and resisted the temptation to call him and say, "Can't we try again?" But that was over. Now only the details had to be settled.

Alec said, "I wonder which of us asks the other to sit down. Are there any rules in a case like this?"

"Let's pretend it's a hotel lobby," Ellen said.

They sat facing each other, uncomfortable. "Miss Banks gave me the inventory," Alec said. He pulled the typewritten sheets from his pocket. "We own five and a half single-spaced pages of stuff. Isn't it appalling?" Ellen watched him as he bent over the list. "What's a jade finial?" he asked abruptly.

"It screws on top of the lamp shade." Ellen pointed. "It's there."

"Oh, the thingumajig. Why, that's the thingumajig we bought in Hong Kong while we were on our honeymoon!" He stared at it curiously. Then: "I'd like a drink. How about you?"

"I might have some sherry."

It was like being back, with six months wiped out, on the cook's night off, going out to the dining room and scouting together. Alec found glasses and, after examining them for dust, poured sherry for her and Scotch for himself. They sat down at the table. "So you're off tomorrow," he said.

* * *

ELLEN'S heart sank with an odd sudden thump. Off into nowhere, a place called Reno. "I wonder what I'll do for six weeks, not knowing anybody. . . ."

"I wish I could do it for you," Alec said, "but I guess Reno and having babies are a woman's province." He reddened as Ellen bit her lip. "I'm a clumsy ox," he said.

"You can't be expected never to say baby again." Ellen looked at her watch. "Well, we might as well get down to it." She took the inventory and looked at it.

"I wanted you to have all of it," Alec said.

Ellen choked. "I don't want this stuff any more than you do."

Alec got up, saying savagely, "Then, for heaven's sake, let's sell it."

"Please, Alec. Please help me."

"All right."

"I'd like to have the little hunting print."

For a moment he was silent. "That was a hell of a rain, the day we bought it. You caught an awful cold wading around in the mud, holding the flashlight, when the tire went."

He even remembered her colds and how she'd caught them. She remembered how he'd started up in the middle of the night each time she stirred, to make sure she didn't throw off the covers. She said, "The study furniture isn't of much use to anybody."

"I want everything in the study," said Alec. "That was the first davenport we ever had. I used to find you curled on it asleep when I came home from the office. You slept a lot those days, like a dormouse. You were—"

"What was I?"

"Well, sometimes you were sort of sweet."

Ellen bent her head to hide her eyes. She began to laugh suddenly. "Here's the worst fight we ever had," she said. "Almost the worst. The Boucher. Remember?"

He grinned. "When you unwrapped it and said solemnly, 'Only two hundred dollars,' I almost fainted."

"And I slept on the davenport, mad as hell . . ."

"And I stayed awake in the bed, mad as hell. And we bumped into each other in the doorway the next morning with our apologies," said Alec. "Well, the fights are over now. It's almost like being out of a job."

* * *

LOOKING at the list, Ellen felt frightened. All these things were a part of her. They went to make up a whole, a belonging to life. She felt a crawling ache in her back and sat up straighter to ease the tension.

Alec said, "Ellen, are we going to see each other afterward?"

"Let's see how we feel."

He fingered the window cord. "I'd like to know you'd forgiven the rotten things I said the night we separated."

That awful night, sitting there waiting for him to come back! Hoping, but slowly realizing the cold truth—that he wouldn't. Dawn, the most horrible she'd seen. The long dreary trip through an empty vicious world to her mother's, entering dramatically to say, "Well, I've left Alec. If he calls, tell him I'm not here. I don't want to see him again or hear his voice."

The endless silent months. Then his letter, courteously offering her a divorce. After she wrote her courteous note of acceptance she had stayed awake all night wondering if he wanted to marry again, suffering alternate waves of hurt pride and unbearable longing to see him again.

Alec said, "Well, where are we?"

Ellen started. "I don't even remember what you said that night. I just remember I went crazy, that's all."

She went back to the list, blinded by tears. "The study furniture yours. The hunting print mine. The dining-room furniture yours. The bedroom?" She looked up. Alec wasn't looking at her.

"You take it," he said. "Please."

"The rugs are cut to fit the rooms. They'll be useless anywhere else."

"It will all be useless anywhere else," said Alec. "This is home." He left the room abruptly. Ellen just sat there, holding the list and the pencil and feeling empty. There wasn't any pain. There was just nothing. These things, this chair she sat on, the mirror reflecting her drawn and colorless face. It had caught and imprisoned a happier face once, and it was still there, because she could remember it.

Anything you remember doesn't die. You can't kill it unless you can forget it. A heart has many roots, each fixed in something—in a room where you laughed together; an afternoon when you waded around in the mud and caught cold while he fixed a tire; in a moment way back when you bought a Boucher, feeling guilty; in a baby; and in the time when he broke down and you comforted him. All those things are your life because you made them real by living them.

Now Ellen knew that you can't go back and wipe things out, make them not exist because you say they don't exist. They fight for life as savagely as ever animate things fought. She lowered her head to her arms.

* * *

ALEC was back in the room, saying quietly, "You made a fine job of the nursery, Ellen. I particularly asked Miss Banks to be sure it was left exactly as it had been. I wanted you to face it just once more before you left for Reno."

There was no answer. Ellen merely continued to cry drearily. Alec reached over her shoulder, picked up the list and the pencil.

She heard him scratching something out and substituting something else. He placed the list in front of her. Through swollen eyes she saw that where she had written, "Alec's" or "Mine" he had written simply, "Ours." Then she really cried and he held her until it was over.

"Night after night," he said, "I've tried to make myself believe that you didn't love me. And each morning I woke up feeling that life wasn't worth living. That's no way for a man to feel, Ellen."

"It's no way for a woman to feel, either," Ellen said.

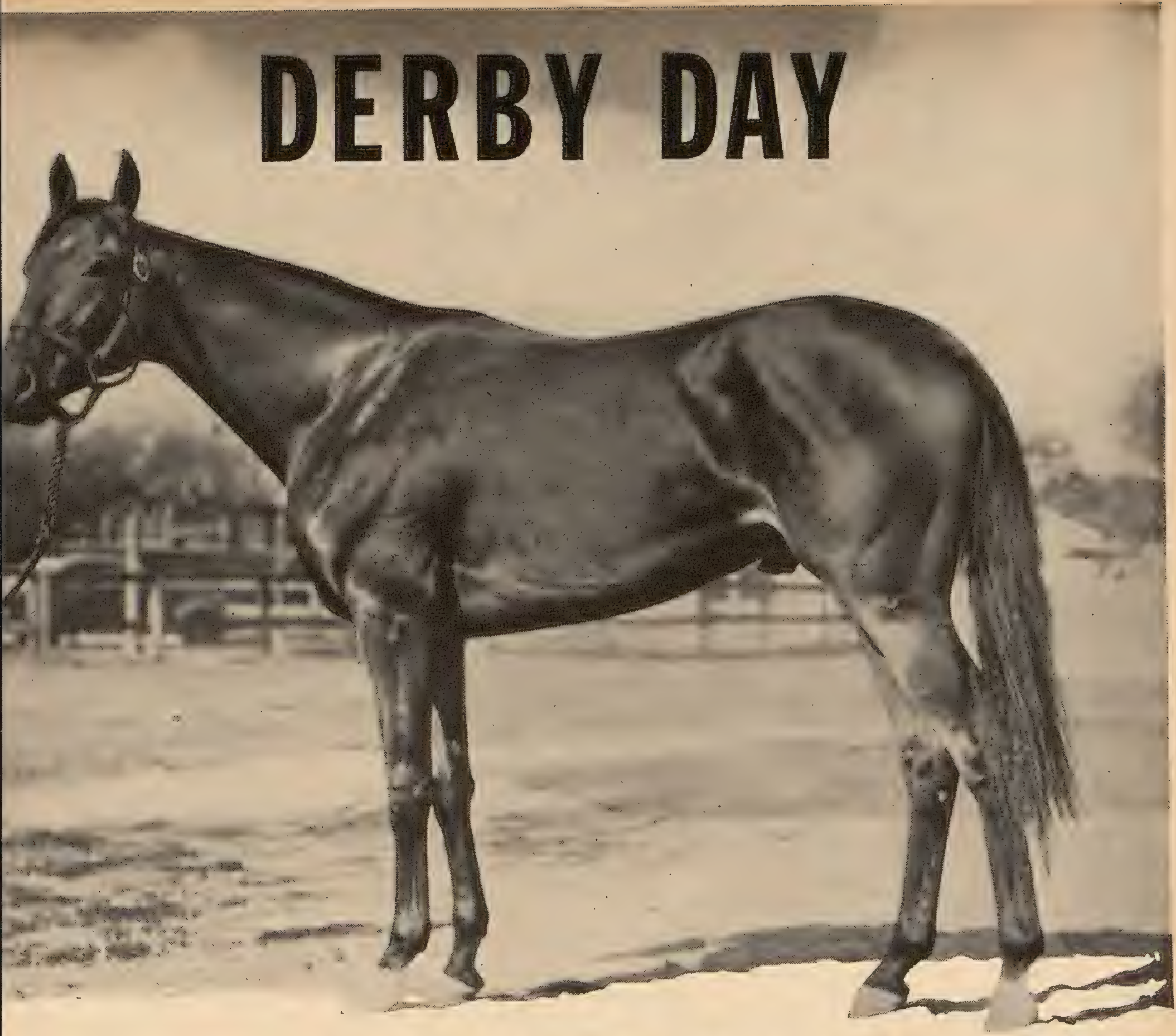
Alec said soberly, "I want a place to put my heart and come back and find it, know it's there. And I want a heart to carry with me. It's your heart I happen to want to carry, and if I mishandle it sometimes, you and God must forgive me for being human, that's all. I guess we're not good enough or big enough, any of us, to be entrusted with anything so precious; but, on the other hand, we're not small enough nor bad enough to feel complete without a heart to guard."

"I was to blame," Ellen said.

"A battle is never lost by one soldier," Alec said. "It's the army that loses. Now go and bathe those swollen eyes. We're going out for dinner and then we're coming home."

THE END

DERBY DAY



Can the Cinderella Horse Win?

BY JACK MAHON

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ THE fever's running high down in the Bluegrass country once again and on Saturday, May 2, approximately a dozen of the nation's finest racing horses will answer the bugle's call to the post in the sixty-seventh annual Kentucky Derby. It is a race of champions and blue bloods, but when the starter yells, "Come on!" we have a hunch the roar from most of some 95,000 throats will be for a Cinderella horse named Alsab.

A year ago Alsab was an oddly named nonentity. Six months ago he was the most famous two-year-old in recent racing history; a storybook colt that had gray-bearded railbirds shaking their heads solemnly and comparing him with Man o' War.

Today, on the eve of another great Derby, he is the No. 1 question mark of the racing world!

For the fans who have cheered him, as well as the clockers and turf veterans who went overboard on him as he sped to glory last season, are asking:

"Has the witching hour arrived for the Cinderella horse of 1941?

Is Alsab, who won $110,600 and his last ten races as a two-year-old, nothing more than a "morning glory" which will wither in the heat of three-year-old competition?

Or will this colt, born in obscurity on the other side of the tracks, develop gradually, as he did as a juvenile? Will Alsab, starting with the Derby, regain the form that made him the bargain-basement champion of 1941 and come back to follow the footsteps of "Big Red" to glory?

Most fans think he will, for Alsab is a little horse with a big heart. He came up the hard way and it took the wise guys a long time to recognize him.

When they did, they went for him all the way. They made comparisons and sang his praises all night long. They always do—with a champion. And on January 1, 1942, if you had suggested that any colt other than Alsab would be the Winter Book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, you'd probably have been shipped off to the nearest hospital.

But a lot has happened.

The Cinderella horse came back to the races after a long rest this winter, started four times as a three-year-old and was beaten four times. In his first two starts the Chicago-owned colt finished out of the money; in the Flamingo Stakes of a mile and an eighth he was third; in the $50,000 Widener Cup of a mile and a quarter he was fifth, beaten only a length and a half for all the money.

Despite improvement with every

start, the wise ones who knew him when he had it have deserted Alsab. They insist he did not winter well; that he was "burned out" as a two-year-old; that he is not a natural router and that he will finish out of the money in the Derby.

It didn't take them long to forget.

But Alsab is not alone. Not all the racing veterans who praised him last summer have deserted him. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, most successful of America's veteran racing trainers, says: "They have this colt all wrong. He's the horse to beat in the Derby. He needs time to develop, and I think he's about ready right now."

And though Alsab won't go to the post the favorite he figured to be, he'll be the sentimental favorite of all the fans. For Alsab is the average citizen of racing. If he lived up to his humble beginning he would be racing at half-mile tracks for feed money today instead of munching hay at Churchill Downs. His sire, Good Goods, was never more than an average racer, and his dam, Winds Chant, never even went to the post.

And if it hadn't been for a lady, a gentleman, and a scientist's serum, there never would have been an Alsab.

Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, owner of the Brookmeade Stable, had a sire named Neddie which she bred to a French mare, Brocatelle. The result was a sickly scrawny little colt which wouldn't eat. Trainer Bob Smith used all available medicines, but the case seemed hopeless. Veterinarians recommended that the colt be destroyed. Mrs. Sloane sent Smith to the Emergency Hospital in Washington where excellent work was being done for undernourished children.

Smith discovered that a medicine known as viosterol was responsible for the great cures being effected, and was assured by the doctors that it would not harm his horse. He brought several hundred capsules back to Mrs. Sloane's breeding farm at Upperville, Virginia, and fed them to his sickly little charge.

Soon the colt which had been condemned to death perked up and developed an appetite, and eventually he got to the races, where he compiled a fair record. His name? Good Goods—the daddy of Alsab!

Most Derby entrants, in addition to their exclusive blood lines, cost their owners anywhere from $5,000 to $20,000 as yearlings. Because Alsab is as American as the famous "hot dog," descending on his daddy's side through Commando, Colin, Neddie, and Good Goods of the famed Domino line, he was bought one August night in 1940 for only $700.

Would you like to walk into a sales ring some night, loom over a small group of spindle-legged yearlings, and walk out with a horse that would some day blazon your name across the headlines of the nation?

Of course you would. So would we. But the chance of your doing it is about 1,000,000 to 1. This is the story of a man in a million, Al Sabath, and of the colt he picked up for a song.

Alsab has run a mile faster than any two-year-old in history. He won his last ten races as a juvenile and was out of the money only three times in twenty-two starts. He beat the East's best two-year-old, Requested,

by four lengths in a match race and came within a fifth of a second of the world's record for six and a half furlongs in doing it!

What kind of horse is this that laughs at records his elders have grown to respect? What did his owner and trainer see in him that made him a stand-out in the hundreds of nonentities put on the block at the old spa?

To answer these questions, come back to the night when Sabath and his trainer, August "Sarge" Swenke, walked into the sales ring at Saratoga, a couple of curious horsemen, and walked out with a nervous little thing that might prove to be the greatest equine bargain of all time.

It was a typical summer night, heavy with August and dew, and the ring was alive with society swells, debutantes and their boy friends, people who knew horses only from their pictures in the rotogravure and people who had been born and raised with them. Sabath, a Chicago attorney, and Swenke were nothing more than interested spectators as the parade of nameless yearlings, each with a tag around its neck, passed through the spotlight's glare in front of the auctioneer.

One by one, like frightened orphans seeking a home, they passed. Swenke nudged Sabath when a small bay was brought out. The auctioneer told them it was a son of Good Goods and an obscure dam, Winds Chant. The wealthy continued their gossip; the expert horsemen recalled that Winds Chant had been sold for only ninety dollars as a brood mare. They went back to their shop talk.

The bidding started at $100. "I sort of liked the looks of the little fellow," recalled Sabath, "and though Sarge thought there might be something wrong with his hocks, I started to bid for him.

"The bidding went to $500 at $100 per raise. Suddenly I jumped it $200. There was no further bidding. I had

ALL ABOARD FOR LOUISVILLE!

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

LOUISVILLE at Derby time is a major experience. "It ain't so much jes' the hoss race," the colored vice-president in charge of hand luggage observes as he squires you to a hotel room, "as it is jes' evvathing!" And he's right. There are other hawss races elsewhere. There's only one Louisville proudly to boast of the prettiest women, the best Bourbon whisky, and the fastest horses on earth; to lay aside all other cares from about Wednesday until Saturday, when the cream of the season's three-year-olds answer the bugle for the traditional mile-and-a-quarter.

This has been the nation's racing classic since May 7, 1875, when Aristides won the second of three races on the now old track's opening day.

There are two ways to go to it. The hard way is just to go—by train or plane or car, in normal times—and take pot luck. You'll find accommodations all but unprocurable. People rent rocking chairs on their porches for three dollars a night.

The beautiful way is to go as somebody's house guest—somebody who knows the real folks, and you'll never meet finer people. Society holds open house, with the famous juleps coming in from out back in assembly-line progression.

The old track is an unforgettable sight on Derby Day. Nobody ever knows how many people are there. The usual guess is 100,000. They are there from all over the United States. There again is the julep—only there you pay a dollar and you keep the pewter mug the drink is served in. One moment that will get you is when those beautiful horses come down past the stands in the long parade—and the massed bands in the infield break into My Old Kentucky Home!

As to who'll win this time, Alsab, Some Chance, Devil Diver, Requested, and Sun Again are all good horses. Alsab's as good a best as can be picked, but in this race form is fickle. Only three Winter Book favorites have won in twenty-two years.

Incidentally, don't call it "Darby" if you go to it. The sons and daughters of the Bluegrass call it "the Derby." It's theirs. They ought to know.

Alsab in a six-and-a-half-furlong match race beats Requested by four lengths, coming within a fifth of a second of the world's record.

MORNING TELEGRAPH PHOTO

Alsab for $700." Mr. Sabath presented the little unknown to his wife as a surprise gift, and when it came time to christen him they contracted his master's names and called him Alsab.

Though Swenke swears he had known he had a real horse ever since Alsab went to the workout wars for the first time, he certainly couldn't have been enthused over Alsab's racing debut. It took place during the winter meeting at Hialeah Park on February 25, 1941. There were fourteen horses in the race. Alsab ran a bang-up fourteenth.

Swenke was not discouraged. The old army man still had faith in his charge and was given free rein by Sabath. So they took Alsab to Chicago that spring and, to coin a phrase, the rest is history.

Alsab beat everything he met. He ran on fast tracks, slow tracks, muddy tracks, and soon the whole country was buzzing about him. As victory after victory was chalked up on his stall, Eastern sportsmen began to sit up and take notice. The Eastern season had produced a crack colt named Requested, owned by the popular Texas sportsman, Ben Whitaker. A match race was suggested and arranged by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, youthful head of Belmont Park. It was a six-and-a-half-furlong test for a purse of $10,000, winner take all.

It was a great race—for about three quarters of the journey. Requested went right to the front and stayed there all the way to the stretch. Then Jockey Bobbie Vedder, who had been Alsab's most consistent guardian, started to bat his mount with the whip. Alsab pulled even with the leader, then left him in his dust, winning in 1:16 seconds, just a fifth of a second off the world mark set by Snark at Hialeah Park in 1935.

That did it. The East went wild. Veteran handicappers swore they had never seen such a juvenile. But their praise that day was just a ripple compared to the flood tide of compliments that surged in a few days later when Alsab turned in the most startling performance in two-year-old history.

Running in the one-mile Champagne Stakes at Belmont, over an off track and bothered repeatedly as he drove into the stretch, the Western whirlwind swept from behind to win by seven lengths in the 1:35 2-5 seconds flat. This was only two fifths of a second off the track record set in 1930 by Jack High, an older horse, and was the fastest mile ever run by a two-year-old in America.

After this, it didn't take the skeptics long to climb aboard the Alsab band wagon. It never does.

This all happened last September. Then, on October 14, Sarge Swenke served notice that the racing fraternity "hadn't seen nothing yet." He mailed in Alsab's application for entrance in the '42 Derby—the earliest application ever made in the sixty-seven-year history of the Kentucky stake!

"This is the best horse I've had in twenty years on the turf," said the Sarge, "and I'm out to win all the big ones I can with him."

Just how does Alsab differ from some of the other great colts who have faced the Derby starting gate?

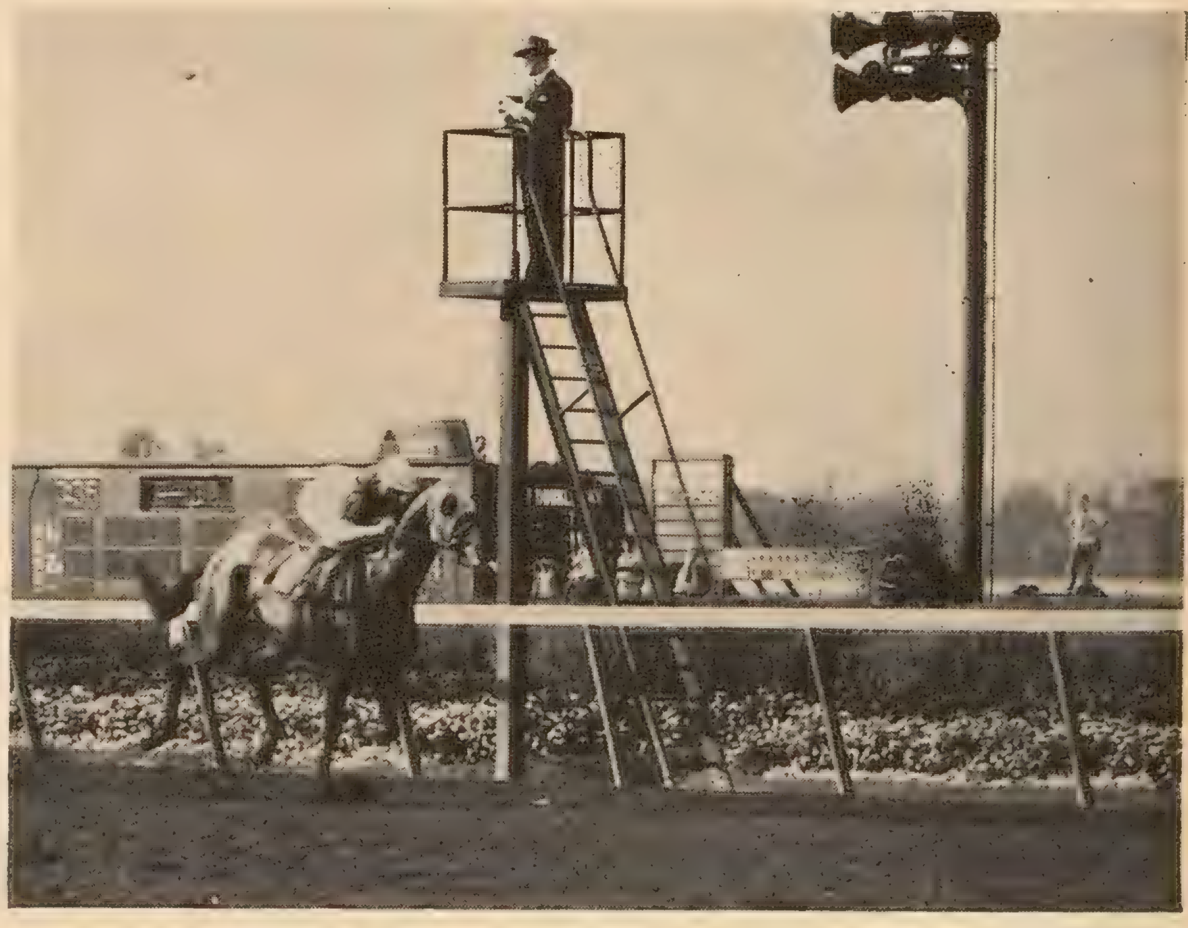
Frank Menke, veteran turf writer and the drum-beater for Colonel Matt Winn's Run for the Roses, says: "Alsab's performance as a two-year-old certainly makes him one of the most unusual horses ever to run in the Derby. It's not the record he compiled but the way he did it. In addition to cracking the Belmont six-and-a-half-furlong and mile marks, he equaled track records at Suffolk Downs and Washington Park. In almost all his victories he won off by himself, while his occasional defeats almost always could be charged to 'bad racing luck.'"

Menke also pointed out that Alsab will not be running in the Derby with the old jinx of victory in the Belmont Futurity hanging over his head. In all the years that America's most famous two-year-old stake race has been run since 1888, not one Futurity winner has been able to win the Derby. And Alsab wasn't even nominated for the Belmont, Arlington, or Pimlico Futurity. He just wasn't considered good enough.

What type of horse is Alsab? What is it he has that others of his age and better breeding lack?

"Alsab," says Sabath, "is a horse with brains. He's a thinking horse. He knows he's good but he isn't conceited, if it's possible for a horse to be conceited. He does like and look for at-

(*Continued on page 42*)



INT. NEWS PHOTO

In the one-mile Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park, Alsab sweeps from behind to win.

HOW TO WIN A KENTUCKY DERB

THIS IS
AMERICA

1 If you're a three-year-old, you begin the great Derby day with a light breakfast and then go for a slow gallop on the track.

☆ SOMEWHERE, every spring in Marc
April, there's a potential Derby winner
When only a few hours old, he manages some
to get up on those long wobbly legs of his. In a
days he is put out in a small sunny paddock
his dam—meaning his mother. Soon the two ca
turned out in the big pasture with other foals
dams. Along in October he is weaned. He has
since learned to be led, but must be accustome
grooming, obedience to commands, and ge
ready compliance with his handler's wishes.
cause nowadays a colt is handled by men al
from his birth, what used to be known as "br
ing" is no longer an ordeal; many a yearling sub
with almost no protest to having a saddle and a
put on his back.

At the farm he takes daily exercise for w
before any speed is expected of him. But whe
reaches the age of two his real work begins, a
progresses under the clocker's watchful eye.
performances at two should determine whether
of Derby caliber. No fewer than 150 two-year-
were nominated for this year's race. The nomi
ing fee is small, winning the Derby is the most
sirable thing in racing—and sometimes "maid
win it. So every owner is hopeful, and no wor

2 Then you come in and get cooled off, and you can graze a few minutes, after which there'll be time for a nap in your stall.

3 When taken to the saddling enclosure, you are as fit as
You don't fret. You're saving your energy—you'll be ne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERT CLARK THAYER

Even when in the paddock, where you'd know from the feel of the air that something special was going on if you had seen no signs of it, you're still calm—but ready.

5 Every two-legged person present is excited by this time—even the jockeys, who are waiting to receive their final instructions. They may look calm, "dead-pan," but their looks will not fool you. Being a thoroughbred, you have a subtle sixth sense.

As the moment of moments nears, you walk and trot to the post—quietly, although through an electrified atmosphere.

7 You pretend to take no notice of the great crowds in stands and infield. They're making last-minute efforts to pick the winner.

You're off! Setting the early pace for the final half, you increase your advantage on the stretch turn—and hold it.

And then the finish line, and—supposing you've done all of this according to these directions, *and* are a three-year-old who has what it takes—you win by three lengths!

10 And does Colonel "Mat" Winn, the Derby's director, beam upon you!

A KISS FROM MISS KAWAMURA

She was lovely, he was lonely—but woman's wiles don't always win!

BY C. LYN FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

☆ PRIVATE LUIZ was disgusted with himself. Here he had nothing to do for the next twenty-four hours but catch up on the sleep he had been losing, and he was as wide awake as a jungle sunrise.

He closed his eyes resolutely and tried again, lying on his left side this time so as to face the blank wall of the tent not eighteen inches from his flat brown nose. But it was no use. The familiar scenes of faraway Luzon kept unrolling before his tired eyes like an endless motion picture, filling his blood with powerful nostalgia, breeding uncertainty and doubt in his tortured mind.

He did not want to think bad thoughts about America, but Uncle Sam certainly had not done well by the Philippines, leaving them to be trampled under the arrogant heel of Nippon the way he had. One would think that the least he could have done would have been to rush strong reinforcements to General MacArthur and his heroic little army—planes and tanks and guns and men to work them.

All through the early weeks of the war Private Luiz had bought every newspaper he could get and had listened to every radio within earshot, searching, praying for the happy news that thousands of American troops were pouring into the Philippines to bolster up MacArthur's hard-pressed men and hurl the invaders back into the sea.

It had been money wasted. Now the Japs were in Manila and MacArthur was crowded into the mountains of Bataan, fighting bravely to the end. Fighting, not because he held the slightest hope of being reinforced in time, but because that was the way of American soldiers.

Private Luiz felt a thrill of pride as he lay there, now staring openly at the blank wall, all thought of sleep driven from his mind; pride in the uniform he wore and in the gallant stand of his brothers-in-arms in faraway Bataan. The American soldier was a man! Rough at times, maybe, but forthright and valorous. You could depend on him.

But the politicians. . . .

Private Luiz turned onto his back and lay staring up at the sloping roof of khaki canvas. He must not think of politicians, for then the bad thoughts came, and, after all, America had proved herself a true friend of the Philippines. One must remember that fact always.

Private Carter came into the tent, his heavy service shoes clump-clumping on the board floor. He slipped the barrel and stock of his M-1 rifle into the loops of stout cord hanging down from the front side rail of his cot, peeled off his helmet with a backward sweep of his right forearm, and sat heavily upon the bunk.

"Two on, four off," he said bitterly. "Two on, four off." And he began to swear.

Private Luiz turned to his right side and lay looking at his squadmate.

"Two on, four off," Private Carter repeated, working himself into a fine state of grousing. "And only one free day in eleven."

"In Bataan," said Private Luiz softly, "it is twenty-four hours on and no day off."

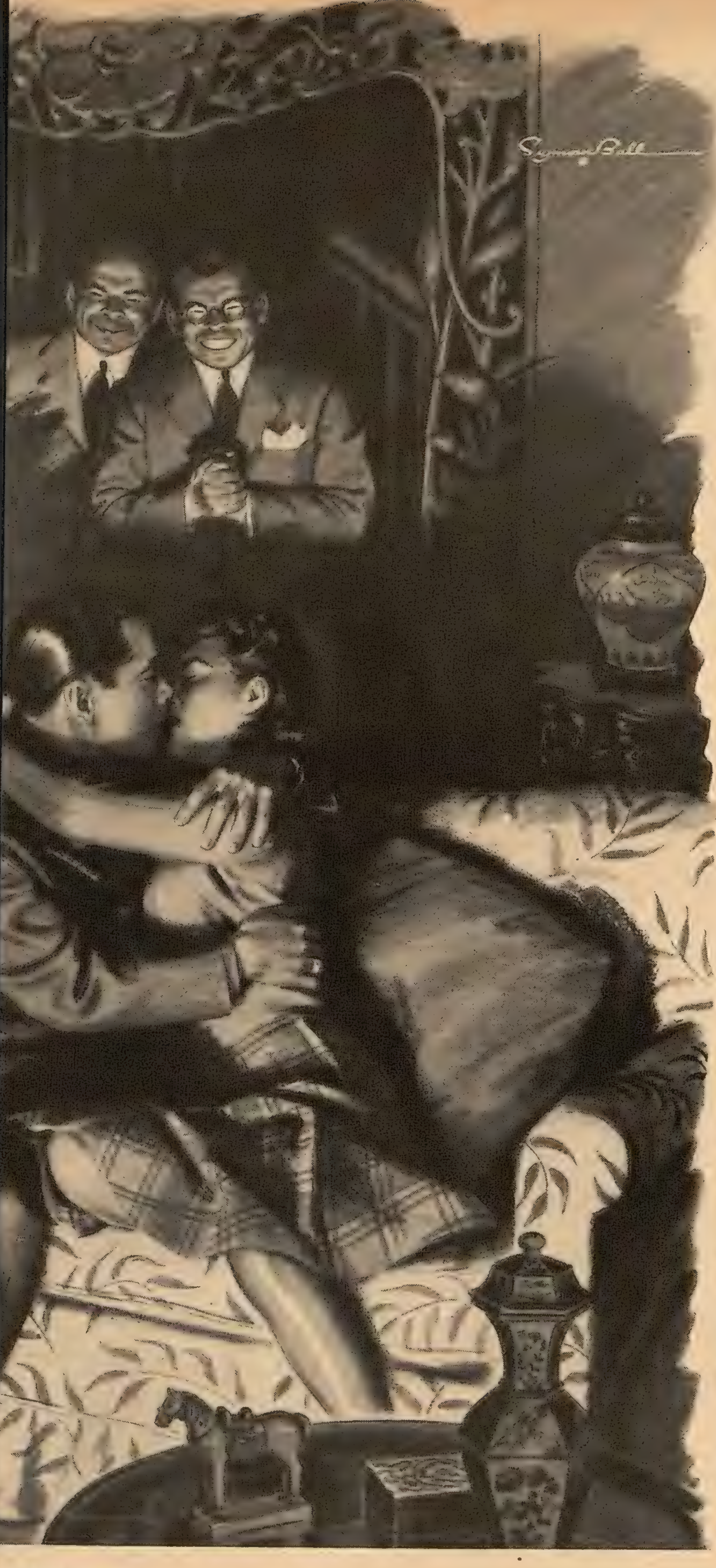
"That's just the point," growled Private Carter. "Why don't they send us to Bataan? Lord knows they could use us plenty."

"That," said Private Luiz sadly, "is what I do not know."

The notes of a bugle rang down the company street. Both men listened intently. A smile drove the bitterness from Private Carter's wind-tanned face.

"Payday," he said. "I didn't believe it, but there it is. Come on, Luizy. Get your pants on." He scooped his helmet from the bunk and went clumping out.

Private Luiz returned to the tent with thirty-six dollars and thirteen cents in his pocket, his monthly forty less a two-and-a-half canteen chit book and a dollar thirty-seven cents for laundry. Slipping off his field jacket, he pulled his locker trunk from under the foot of his cot, took out a neatly pressed shirt, his barracks tunic, a new black tie, a pair of trousers creased to razor edge, and a pair of russet barracks shoes polished like mirrors. With twenty hours of his free day left and cash in his pocket there was only one thing to do—hit for town, some good fried



Suddenly she was in his arms, sweet and yielding. A cough recalled him to reality.

chicken, and a bit of dancing at the Balconades, maybe.

☆ THE night was chill, even for January. A stiff inshore breeze had sprung up at sundown, bringing with it a cold fog that shrouded the wharves in ghostly mantles and shrank the street lights to pale yellow glowworms in a damp gray world.

Private Luiz shivered, sniffed the musty odor of the fog, and thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his overcoat. The afternoon had been a dismal flop. He had tramped the streets for hours without finding one friendly, familiar face; had not caught one fleeting glance even of the familiar khaki that had become his world.

There had been a few sailors and marines, but they were clannish, shutting him out as if they had slammed a door in his face. As for the civilians—well, they went rushing along, wrapped up in their own thoughts, utterly heedless of the lonesome little soldier in his long greatcoat. Even the chicken had been tough and stringy and the dance hall was not open yet.

He sighed and kicked at an imaginary clod on the sidewalk. No use hanging around this town any longer. Might as well go back to camp. Maybe he could get some sleep this time.

"Manuel, yisss?" The voice was at his elbow.

Private Luiz turned and was face to face with a figure no taller than himself, a solid little figure that blended into the fog so perfectly that only a faint outline was visible.

"You know me, please," the figure said. "Your old employer, yisss?"

"Mr. Nishi!" said Private Luiz, startled at the sudden appearance of this alien link with the prewar past.

"Yisss, please. So happy you remember me."

"What you doing down here?" Suspicion edged the little Filipino's voice.

"I am visit brother here," said Mr. Nishi, with a gentle intake of his breath, "and look up old friends, please."

Private Luiz felt a warning sense of danger run through his chilled self. "How did you know I am down here?" he demanded coldly.

"Oooh," said Mr. Nishi, looking off into the fog, "I like keep track of boys who work for me. We are such nice big happy family, yisss?"

"We got along all right," admitted Private Luiz grudgingly. In truth, the Golden Star Fish Company had been a good place to work. Mr. Nishi, unlike many employers, had always taken an interest in his employees, a fatherly interest almost.

"So happy hear you say that," purred the little Japanese. "Now you come my brother's house. We have long visit, something nice to eat, and

. . ." Mr. Nishi paused and coughed politely. "You like nice pretty girl, to make you not so lonesome maybe. Yisss?"

"Got to get back to camp," said Private Luiz stiffly and started down the street.

"Oooh, no, please!" cried Mr. Nishi, falling into step beside him. He seemed deeply hurt at the rebuff. "We such good friend, yisss?"

"You Japanese," replied Private Luiz pointedly. He noted that Mr. Nishi wore an overcoat the color of the fog.

The little fish dealer sighed. "Oooh, this war. It make friend hate friend."

"You started it."

"No, please," protested Mr. Nishi anxiously.

They turned a corner and came to a small sedan. "My car," he said, and fumbled in his pocket for the key. "You not mad with me. We friends, please."

Private Luiz wavered. After all, this one little man was not responsible for everything the Japanese in Japan did. "Well . . ." he said.

"Let us drink together," Mr. Nishi urged. "Show no hard feeling, yisss?" He took a bottle from the car and held it out.

"Well . . ." Private Luiz accepted it hesitantly, then took a long drink. It was fine old bourbon and it sent warmth racing pleasantly through his chilled body. He took another nip and passed the bottle to the Japanese.

Mr. Nishi put it to his lips and tilted back his head, then passed it back. "My brother like very much meet you," he urged gently. "Girl, too."

"Well . . ." said Private Luiz again and got into the automobile.

They stopped in front of a large house in a residential district. The fog had thickened and the ornamental shrubs in the front yard were only darker blotches in the gray dimness. The house itself blended into the swirling mist like some mysterious and shapeless substance conjured up from nowhere. No trace of light or life showed from its closely battened front.

They got out of the car and Mr. Nishi led the way through a wrought-iron gate and up a stone walk to a low veranda. Private Luiz heard him feel along the doorjamb and press a button. The door swung inward, revealing a pitch-black rectangle like the yawning entrance to a dungeon.

"Step in, please." Mr. Nishi urged his guest gently by the arm.

Private Luiz stepped in and heard the door close sharply behind him. The next instant the blackness before his eyes flared into brilliant glow and the pleasant odor of warmth engulfed him. He blinked and saw that they were standing in an anteroom, looking through an inner door and down a brightly lighted hall.

"My brother is prepare for blackout," said Mr. Nishi proudly. "This inside door cannot open while outside door is not shut, and outside door cannot open while inside door is not shut. Very clever, yisss?"

"It's all right," Private Luiz agreed.

"My brother," Mr. Nishi beamed, "is graduate Oregon University."

A door down the hall opened and a stocky Japanese in dinner clothes came into view. His blank Oriental face broke into smiles at sight of the little Filipino in khaki. He came rapidly down the hall, his white teeth flashing in the bright light.

"My brother, Mr. Hashamoto Nishi," said Mr. Nishi, bowing ceremoniously.

"So happy my brother was able to find you," said Mr. Hashamoto Nishi, inhaling gently through his teeth. "So nice of you to come. Be like you are at home, please. Here, Sato. Take the gentleman's coat and cap," he commanded a manservant.

The servant took Mr. Nishi's hat and coat also, and the brothers ushered their guest into a large luxuriously furnished room to the left.

Private Luiz paused imperceptibly on the threshold. That warning of impending danger had shot through him again. Nothing definite really; just a shadowy foreboding. But it made him feel uneasy. He gazed about the room, with its thick silk rug, its hand-carved teak furniture upholstered in rich brocades, and its ornaments of silver and gold, and was startled to see a girl standing before a blazing fireplace at the far end, a very pretty girl who might have just stepped off the campus at U. C.

She wore a gray plaid skirt and a close-fitting gray sweater that set off her trim figure better than a bathing suit. Her lips were cherry red, and her coal-black hair was piled in curls on top of her shapely head. Private Luiz had to look twice before he realized she was Japanese, she was so much like a white American girl. He stepped into the room.

Mr. Hashamoto Nishi bared his white teeth and bowed. "My niece, Miss Kawamura. Mr. Luiz."

"Hello there," said the girl, coming across the room to offer him her hand. She walked like an American coed and smiled like one. "Sit over here by the fire," she invited, leading the way to a love seat in front of the open hearth. "It's terribly cold out."

Private Luiz obeyed. He could not take his eyes off her. She sat beside him and he felt suddenly giddy, what with her firm round arm touching his and the fragrance of her alluring person embracing him like a caress almost. The disturbing sense of danger began to fade, crowded out by the magic of her charm.

Mr. Nishi and his brother took seats on each side of the fire and the manservant came in with a tray of drinks.

"I guessed you'd like rum Collinses," said Miss Kawamura. "Good Filipino rum. Hope I was right."

"I like them very much," said Private Luiz, touched by her thoughtfulness. She might be Japanese but she was different. So were the brothers. Suddenly he was sure of that.

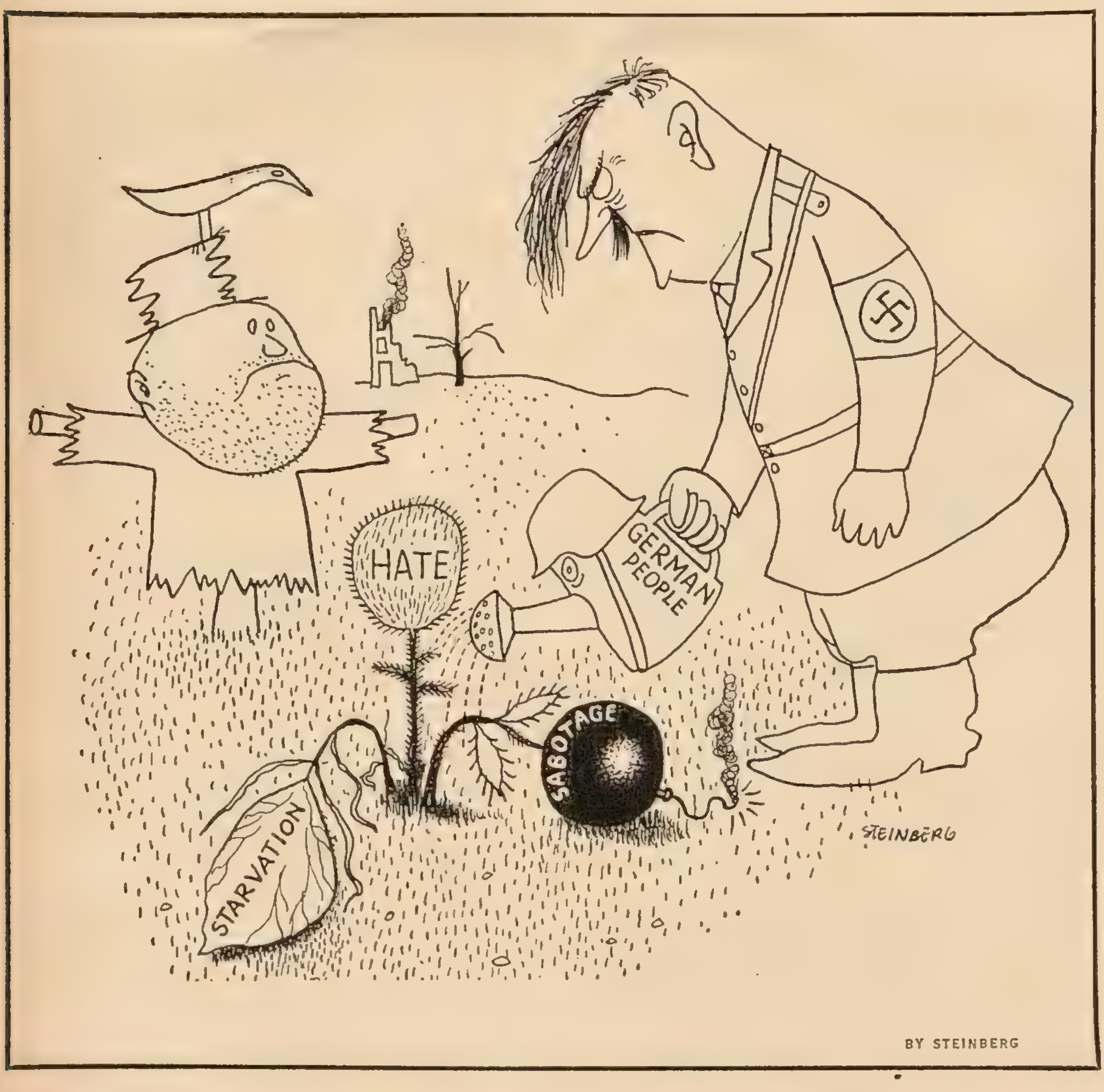
"Then, here's to us," said Miss Kawamura gaily, clinking her glass against his.

They drank and the merry challenge in her black eyes, aided by the rum, made him laugh.

"That's better," she smiled invitingly. "Now tell us about yourself. What you do and everything. You're at the bomber factory, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I don't do much," said

(*Continued on page 36*)



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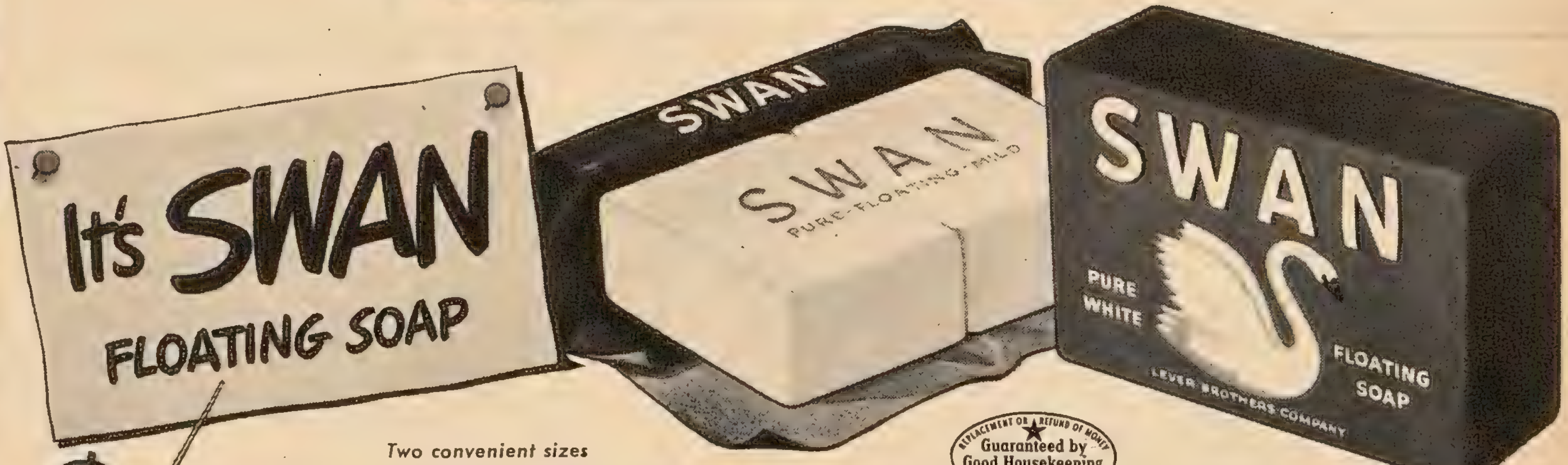
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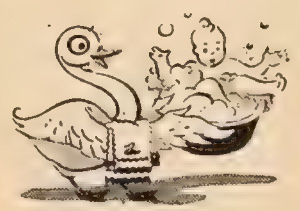

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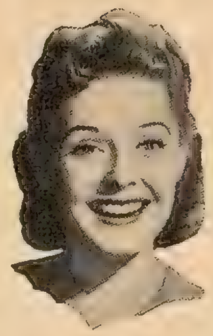

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(*Continued from page 34*)

Private Luiz. "Just walk up and down packing a gun."

"Oh, this war!" Miss Kawamura made a wry face. "Why do we have to have a war?"

"It is the politicians," said Mr. Nishi sagely. "They make all the trouble."

"In London and Washington," said Mr. Hashamoto Nishi, shaking his head, "they tell lies."

"Like promise independence to Philippines — tomorrow," said Mr. Nishi, "instead of give it right now."

Mr. Hashamoto Nishi sighed heavily. "Ah, it is not good, the Philippines fighting Japan like that. We should be marching side by side to the new order in Asia."

"It all goes back to politicians," declared Mr. Nishi. "Politicians in Washington. If they give independence to Philippines instead of put off ten years, it would not be war. All Asia nations would join to drive out English and Dutch and new order is realize'."

"When the war is over," promised Mr. Hashamoto Nishi solemnly, "Japan will give independence to the Philippines at once. No waiting. That is why Japan fights Americans in Luzon—to help Philippines win independence right now."

Private Luiz was of a mind to challenge that point, but let it go. It is not polite to argue with one's host.

☆ "HAVE another drink," urged Miss Kawamura. "Here, Kimoshita! A rum Collins for Mr. Luiz."

The servant came swiftly.

"Thank you," said Private Luiz. "First Philippine rum I have had in a long time."

"Very nice," purred Mr. Hashamoto Nishi. "Much better than other rums. So smooth and nice."

"It is very hard to get here now," volunteered Miss Kawamura.

"Ah, yisss," said Mr. Nishi. "The war makes all things hard to get."

"Auto tires and sugar," said Private Luiz. "It is in all the papers."

"When we get the new order in Asia," said Mr. Hashamoto Nishi, "there will be plenty for everybody. All the Asia nations."

"Rubber and tin and sugar and oil," said Private Luiz by way of keeping up his end of the conversation.

"You are very smart!" exclaimed Miss Kawamura, patting his arm approvingly. "You have been studying economics."

"I have read," admitted Private Luiz modestly.

"The Philippines need men like you," observed Mr. Hashamoto Nishi; "men who love their country and do not like politicians. Men like you would serve patriotically."

"Yes," Private Luiz agreed. "I would do that."

"Of course you would," approved Miss Kawamura, patting his arm again. "You would serve right now, if you had a chance, wouldn't you?"

"I am serving now," said Private Luiz with a glow of honest pride.

Mr. Hashamoto Nishi shook his head sadly. "You are serving the politicians in Washington and London, but you are not serving the Philippines. Not when you fight against Japan."

"It is time to eat dinner," said Mr. Nishi, standing up.

Private Luiz could not have ordered a meal more to his liking. The chicken was fat and tender and fried to a turn, the rice steamed to perfection, the vegetables cooked to just the right degree. He ate as he had not eaten in months. When the meal was done, the brothers Nishi excused themselves and Miss Kawamura led the guest back to the love seat before the fire.

Private Luiz never did know where the next two hours went. He sat on the love seat beside Miss Kawamura and told her the story of his life. It was not a very exciting story, but she took great interest in it, and her nearness and the fragrance of her stirred the lonely little Filipino to depths he never suspected he possessed. Suddenly he longed to take her in his arms. Then, quite as suddenly, and to his amazement, she was in his arms, sweet and yielding.

A discreet cough from the doorway recalled him to reality.

"It is a very bad night," Mr. Hashamoto Nishi announced, joining them at the fire. "It would be foolish for you to go back to camp now."

"What time must you be back?" asked Miss Kawamura. Her eyes pleaded with him not to hurry.

"Ten o'clock tomorrow morning," said Private Luiz.

"Then you must stay," declared Mr. Hashamoto Nishi. "My brother will drive you back in the morning. I will show you your bedchamber now."

"Please do," Miss Kawamura urged. "We can have breakfast together."

Private Luiz did not go to sleep immediately. Clad in the heavy silk pajamas Mr. Nishi had given him, he lay in a big comfortable bed reviewing this unexpected evening and the splendid friends it had provided. She is just like a white girl, he kept telling himself, and she let me put my arms around her. He wondered if she ever would let him kiss her.

☆ DOWNSTAIRS, Miss Kawamura and the brothers Nishi were in a tight huddle before the fire.

"He's a pushover," declared that Americanized young daughter of Nippon contemptuously. "Next time I will let him kiss me and he will burn the plant down for us singlehanded."

"Talk of politicians," urged Mr. Nishi the fish dealer. "He hates politicians because they did not give Philippines independence right now."

"Between the two," nodded Mr. Hashamoto Nishi, "it will be easy." An amused gleam came into his slant eyes. "We will make him governor general." He sobered and pulled a calendar card from his pocket. "His next free day should be a week from Monday," he went on seriously, consulting the card. "We must be sure to have him here. I will message the ship to come the next night and we will finish it up quickly."

☆ PRIVATE LUIZ walked his post in a military manner, but his mind was not on his work. It was meandering before the fire in Mr. Hashamoto Nishi's house, sampling once again the delicious thrill of holding Miss Kawamura in his arms. He walked like an automaton fifty yards down the steel fence with its three rows of barbed wire on top, met the sentry on the adjoining post, executed a snappy about-face, and started back.

His post lay at the back of the vast plant. Some twenty-five yards outside the fence was an abandoned orange grove, now thick with underbrush. Beyond the grove a ravine led steeply down to the Pacific.

The plant was a hastily constructed frame affair sprawling over several acres. What had been skylights in the saw-toothed roof were now blacked out, as were the long rows of windows on the sides, giving the ungainly building a disconsolate and unkempt air. But within its unsightly wooden folds ten thousand skilled workmen toiled night and day to keep a stream of huge four-motored warplanes rolling steadily off the assembly lines, bombers vital to Uncle Sam and his hard-pressed allies around the world.

A captain came out of a door at the back of the plant and headed straight for Private Luiz. Private Luiz halted and snapped his rifle to "present." The captain returned the salute, and the little Filipino came to "port arms."

☆ "WHAT are your special orders?" the officer demanded. Private Luiz replied crisply.

"Very well," the captain said. He turned on his heel and walked stiffly away. He would have liked to compliment the little soldier, but he was of the old school and did not believe in coddling the men. That night at mess, however, he spoke his thoughts to his second in command.

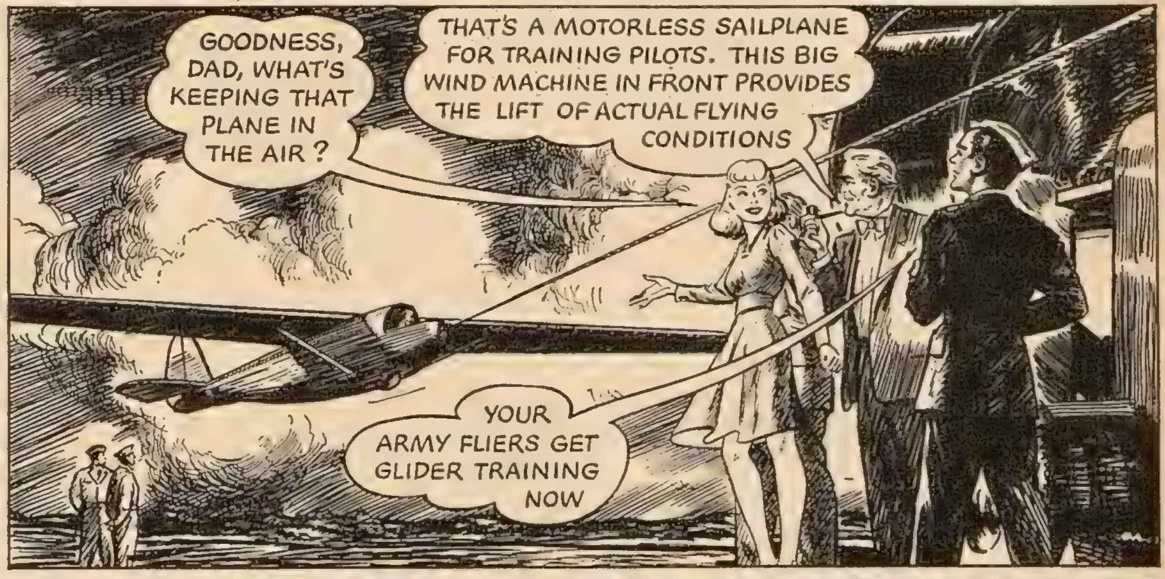
"That little Filipino is a good soldier," he said. "Takes pride in his uniform and in his job. He's O. K."

The lieutenant yawned wearily. "On parade, sure. But I wouldn't trust him from here to there. Never can tell what's going on behind that blank brown face to his."

In the company mess tent, Private Luiz sat down to his supper of stew, with bread, and stiff issue jelly and black coffee for dessert, and thought of the delicious chicken he had enjoyed the night before, fried chicken, and Miss Kawamura on a love seat before an open fire. And he knew that the next nine days were going to drag like the rear files of the company at the end of a twenty-mile hike in full kit on a blistering hot day. He knew also that another night in the pleasant luxury of Mr. Hashamoto Nishi's house was something to look forward to. He hoped nothing would keep him from that pleasure.

His wish was realized. Mr. Nishi, his former employer, was waiting for him a few blocks from camp, as per arrangement, on his next free day. They drove directly to Mr. Hashamoto Nishi's house.

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Silent Warbirds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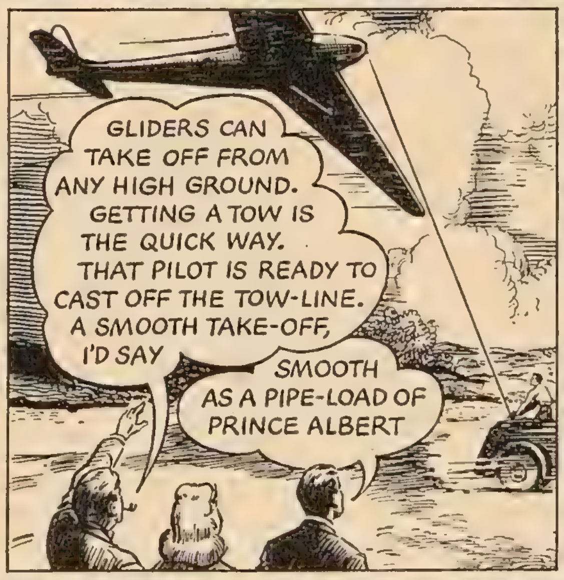
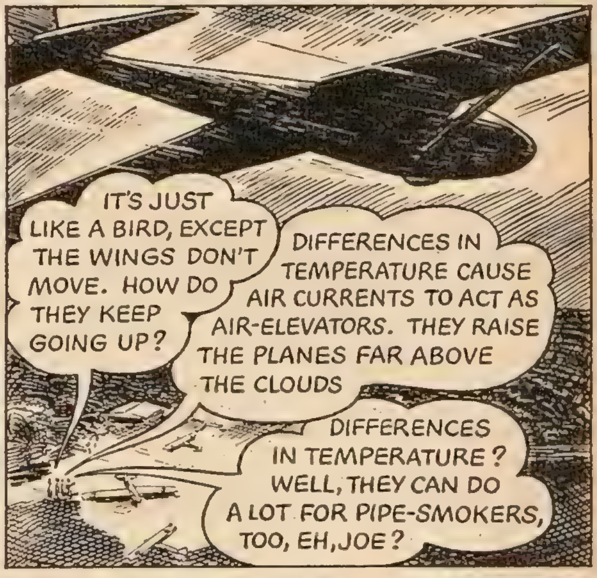

GLIDERS CAN TAKE OFF FROM ANY HIGH GROUND. GETTING A TOW IS THE QUICK WAY. THAT PILOT IS READY TO CAST OFF THE TOW-LINE. A SMOOTH TAKE-OFF, I'D SAY
SMOOTH AS A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT


IT'S JUST LIKE A BIRD, EXCEPT THE WINGS DON'T MOVE. HOW DO THEY KEEP GOING UP?
DIFFERENCES IN TEMPERATURE CAUSE AIR CURRENTS TO ACT AS AIR-ELEVATORS. THEY RAISE THE PLANES FAR ABOVE THE CLOUDS
DIFFERENCES IN TEMPERATURE? WELL, THEY CAN DO A LOT FOR PIPE-SMOKERS, TOO, EH, JOE?

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED **86 DEGREES COOLER** THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

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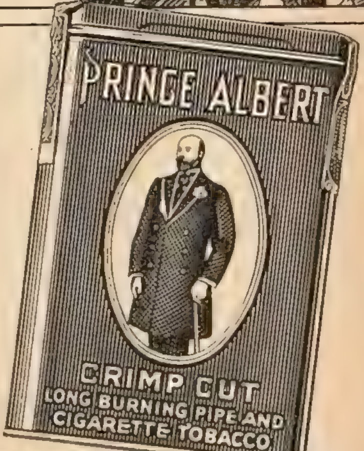
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CRIMP CUT
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"You're just in time for lunch." Miss Kawamura squeezed his hand.

"You are very kind," he said, thinking she was very beautiful also.

After lunch the brothers disappeared obligingly and Miss Kawamura led him once more to the love seat.

"You may call me Betty," she invited, snuggling close to him. "Your name is Manuel, isn't it?"

He nodded and put his arm around her timidly.

"Tell me about Manila, Manuel," she coaxed, nestling into his embrace. "I've always thought I would like to live in Manila, in a big house overlooking the sea."

He told her of his beautiful homeland; of the rice paddies and the jungle forests overrun with orchids; of the fire trees spreading their riot of flame across the countryside.

"It must be beautiful," murmured Betty Kawamura eagerly. "You must take me there some day, Manuel."

"I will take you," he promised.

She leaned swiftly forward and kissed him on the lips.

There was the sound of throats being cleared in the hallway.

"My uncles," whispered Betty Kawamura annoyedly. "They have some plan to help end the war quickly. They think a lot of you, Manuel. Uncle Tsutomu especially. And Uncle Hashamoto, too. They can do big things for you, Manuel. You and me. Uncle Hashamoto is a big man."

☆ PRIVATE LUIZ swallowed and tried to speak, but he was dazed by the sweetness of her kiss and words would not come. Then the brothers Nishi were standing in front of him, rubbing their hands and smiling.

Betty Kawamura smiled back at them and said. "Manuel has just promised to take me to Manila."

"Manila," said Mr. Hashamoto Nishi softly, lingering over each syllable as if to savor it. "How would you like to be governor general of Manila, Manuel?"

Private Luiz gulped, then laughed self-consciously. "You are having a joke," he said and sighed heavily.

"No joke, please," urged Mr. Tsutomu Nishi, inhaling through his teeth.

Private Luiz looked into his former employer's coal-black eyes and there was a lump suddenly where his heart should have been, and a sheet of ice across his brain. "It is not a joke?" he whispered, looking quickly about as if he feared eavesdroppers.

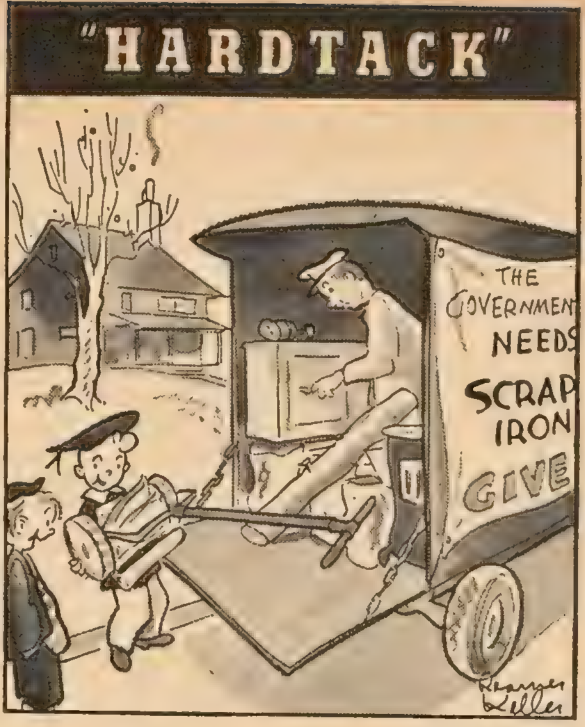
"It is not a joke," said Betty Kawamura quietly.

"It is this way," said Mr. Hashamoto Nishi. "Japan has no quarrel with America, but America does not belong in Asia. America admits that fact by promising independence to the Philippines. It is the Dutch and British robbers who make the war."

"The politicians," said Mr. Tsutomu Nishi, "in London and Washington."

Mr. Hashamoto Nishi cleared his throat, then continued, choosing his words carefully: "Japan can win this war in six months' time. Drive the hated English and Dutch robbers out entirely and we would have peace in Asia and independence for the Philippines—but for one thing. American airplanes."

"HARDTACK"


THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS SCRAP IRON GIVE
Reamer Keller

BY REAMER KELLER

"I guess we'll all have to make sacrifices."

Private Luiz felt the gentle pressure of Betty Kawamura's hand on his arm and nodded.

"In the first weeks," Mr. Hashamoto Nishi went on, "Japan was master of the air. Being master of the air, she was master of the sea and of the land also. Now . . ." He paused dramatically. "Now too many warplanes are coming from America. Big bombers that blast our transports and battleships. We must stop those warplanes coming from America."

A tight silence engulfed them. Private Luiz felt a surge of anger in his heart. Then he was aware of the searching gaze of the brothers Nishi exploring him, trying to read his mind; was aware, too, of the silent pleading of the sweet girl by his side. His guard went up; his anger melted and the knowledge came to him that here was something big indeed, a desperate game fraught with sinister peril, but a game well worth the price to him, even of life itself.

"What can I do to help?" he asked.

Mr. Hashamoto Nishi smiled and Betty Kawamura hugged his arm.

"There is one thing I do not understand," continued Private Luiz, wrinkling his brow perplexedly. "Why do you give me this chance to help? How did you know I would?"

"That is a good question," nodded Mr. Hashamoto Nishi, "but it is answered easily. We need a man like you. My brother has known you for nearly three years now, and he knows much about you, very much."

Private Luiz nodded. "Well, what am I to do?"

"Tomorrow night," said Mr. Hashamoto Nishi, "you walk post from twelve o'clock midnight until two o'clock A. M., yisss?"

Private Luiz nodded again.

"Tomorrow night there is no moon. At ten minutes after midnight, my brother will come out of the old orange grove to the fence in the middle of your post and cut a small hole in the fence. You will not see him or any of the men who will follow at short intervals. You merely walk your post, checking with the sentries on adjoining posts as usual and meeting any inspecting officers who might come along. My brother will call your name for identification and you will answer 'All is well,' but you will not look."

"That is not much," said Private Luiz. "But what am I to say when they find the fence cut in the morning?"

Mr. Hashamoto smiled and rubbed his hands. "You will not be there, my friend. You will be with us."

"On the boat going to Manila," whispered Betty Kawamura, "with me to that big white house on the hill."

☆ THE night was dark, as Mr. Hashamoto Nishi had predicted. Private Luiz could scarcely see his hand when he held it before his eyes. In addition, rain, driven by a strong wind, fell heavily. Private Luiz had completed one round of his post and was approaching the midway point on his return, when a shadowy figure arose beside him outside the fence.

"Manuel," came the discreet but familiar voice of Mr. Nishi.

"All is well," answered Private Luiz softly as he tramped past.

On his next round he noted that a small hole had been cut through the fence at the bottom, but there was no sign or sound of any living thing.

A half hour passed, and then an hour. The crunch of heavy shoes on the wet gravel of the yard startled Private Luiz. "Halt," he challenged, bringing his rifle to the ready. "Who's there?"

"Corporal of the guard with a relief," came the brusque reply.

Private Luiz felt his heart shriveling up. It was not time for the relief, not for another half hour. Something had gone wrong.

"Advance, corporal of the guard, and be recognized," he heard himself saying automatically.

The corporal came up with another soldier. Private Luiz repeated his orders.

"Fall in," the corporal ordered.

Private Luiz came to right shoulder arms and took his place at the rear of the short column. The corporal marched them straight to the company street, halted them, and gave right-face. Then he came down the line and took Private Luiz's rifle away from him and gave it to another man.

"Come with me," he directed the little Filipino, and to the other men, "Fall out."

The captain looked up from papers on his desk as the corporal marched Private Luiz into the big bare room that was company headquarters. "That is all, corporal," he said, returning the N. C. O.'s salute.

The corporal left, closing the door behind him. The captain leaned back in his chair, his gaze riveted on the face of the little Filipino standing rigidly at attention. The captain's own face was carved in deep lines. There were black half-moons beneath his eyes, but the eyes themselves were bright. They began to sparkle.

"We did it, Luiz," he said, adding as an afterthought, "At ease."

"We got 'em all," the captain said contentedly. "Fifty-seven demolition experts with enough dynamite and thermite to have leveled the entire plant. Nabbed them one at a time as they came around the corner of the building."

The telephone on his desk rang. "Yes," he said into the instrument. "Good." He returned it to its hook. "They got the guard left to cover the getaway," he added happily. "And the Nishis and the Kawamura girl. Said she is quite a beauty."

Private Luiz sighed, and once more the telephone jangled. The captain's tired face lighted as he listened. "Thanks," he said finally and hung up.

"That was the Navy. They got the boat, a sub lying just off the mouth of the ravine." He leaned back in his chair again and fished a pack of cigarettes from a pocket of his field jacket. "Smoke?" he offered.

"There's just one thing that gets me," the skipper said, as they lit up: "how you ever managed to put it over on 'em that way."

"They put it over on themselves, sir," Private Luiz said simply. "They know so much about me. How I holler for independence for the Philippines and swear at the politicians. How I am crazy about pretty girls."

"Aren't we all?" the captain mused. "But they forget one thing."

"Yes?"

"They forget," said Private Luiz, and he seemed to grow in stature, "that I am an American soldier, sir!"

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, by Elliot Paul.

It looks very much as though that title will mark a best-seller book as well as a hit song. And good, lively reading it is. You'll be vastly mistaken if you assume that the tin-pan alley bathos of the song is merely repeated at book length. Paul isn't that sort of writer. It is his simple and sound idea that the way to convey a feeling of Paris would be to record a neighborhood of Parisians.

So here are the people who lived or worked (usually both) in the two-block-long Rue de la Huchette as the author came to know them during the years he lived at the ancient and hospitable and tolerant Hôtel du Caveau. The cast numbers scores, from the officious Fascist-minded bureaucrat who was the nuisance of the neighborhood to scathing, bull-voiced Mme. Absolom, proprietress of the yarn shop and obviously a direct spiritual descendant of the Parisians who stormed the Bastille a century and a half before her time.

Above all things, Mr. Paul makes the point, the French are individualists. "Even French moth balls seemed to have small differences one from the other." His book goes far to prove it delightfully. (Random House.)

Keep 'Em Frying!

I STRAIN AWAY IMPURITIES FROM FAT WITH A KLEENEX TISSUE, THEN SAVE THE GREASE FOR FUTURE USE

(from a letter by J. W. S., Springfield, Mo.)

NOTE—BUTCHERS BUY STRAINED GREASE FOR DEFENSE BECAUSE IT HELPS MAKE EXPLOSIVES!

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Women are now learning to handle tools and to do men's chores around the house.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

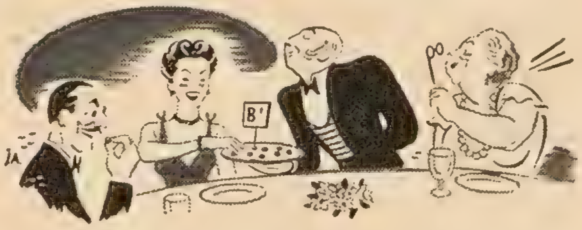
☆ WHO'LL mend the leak in the water pail if Jack goes off to war? Jill will. She's been at school learning how. Educators throughout the nation are in fact so busy teaching women to do men's household chores, that I thought it timely to have a talk with John Vose Adams, staff instructor in New York University's Streamlined Courses for Wartime Living. Girls are learning to hang doors, put in new window glass, solder pots and pans, fix the bathroom plumbing, the gas stove, the lights, the toaster, vacuum cleaner, electric iron. Some learn home carpentry, painting, plastering, wallpapering, tile laying. Others study auto repairs, boat engines, even airplane motors. Many schoolteachers are being trained to conduct vocational as well as cultural classes. The applied arts, leathercraft, metalcraft, etc., are attracting hundreds of student hands. *Vocation* is the college yell this year. You can get a fair working knowledge in from fifteen to thirty hours, a couple of hours a day. Tuition costs about twenty-five dollars. . . . "Unfamiliarity with tools gives some girls trouble at first," says Mr. Adams, "but they're soon too interested to leave at quitting time." I asked if many had freak notions. "Only nut I've encountered," he said, "was one who wanted to start a fad for wearing watches in the heels of shoes." . . . Born at Pittsfield, New Hampshire, in a family of six sisters, seven brothers, John Vose Adams is a descendant of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth Presidents of the United States.

☆ GREATEST public holiday in war-threatened Egypt is the *Sham-el-Nessim* festival. Of ancient pagan origin, it later became the observance day for Coptic Easter Monday, but is celebrated now by Christians and Moslems alike. I've been hearing about it from an American lady who lived there until recently. "At dawn," she said, "all the people go walking out in the country or to the seashore with picnic baskets. Every one is supposed to start the day by eating a young green onion the first thing in the morning. In Egyptian, *Sham-el-Nessim* means Breath of Spring."

☆ WIFE of a race-track sporting man gave me this recipe for *Saratoga Steak* with young spring onions. It is a steak stunt altogether new to me, and delicious. . . . Pound 4 good-sized minute steaks with edge of plate to flatten. Prepare stuffing as follows: Cut 4 slices bacon in small pieces and fry with 1 cup bread crumbs from a day-old loaf. When bread crumbs are lightly browned, add ½ cup minced green spring onions and 1 teaspoon tomato ketchup. Now fry your 4 steaks 1 minute on each side. Spread 1 tablespoon stuffing on each steak, roll up, skewer with toothpick; serve quickly on hot platter, accompanied by baked potatoes.

☆ TRUE story concerning one of those gorgeous gals whose photographs you've seen in magazine advertisements. Last year she earned her living as a model because she couldn't land a laboratory job. She's a research chemist, but her looks impressed employers more than her education. A commercial photographer fell for her desperately, and she for him. Without a word he dropped her. Didn't dare tell her his former marriage to a dazzling model had ended in divorce, leaving him scared of gorgeousness. Now the war has her back at chemistry in shapeless overalls, her fingers stained with acids. And her beauty-shy man is after her again.

☆ VITAMIN pills bring a new etiquette problem. Taking one at the table with company present, should we pass them around? A Washington hostess tells me she found herself being eyed so expectantly by a dinner guest (a senator) who saw her pop a vitamin pill in her mouth that she felt compelled to offer him one. He accepted, so then she put her pills on a tray and handed them round the table, whereupon several guests partook. A doctor I spoke with thinks the mild B-1 vitamin tablets wouldn't do any harm socialized this way. A druggist says we can have them gold-coated for official functions if we like!



☆ HOW to Cook a Wolf is the apt title of M. F. K. Fisher's smart new book on budget meals for families with high-cost-of-living problems. (Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.)

☆ THEATER people have many hobbies, many philanthropies. Sometimes they combine the two, as I learned the other day over a cocktail at actress Glenda Farrell's apartment. Glenda owns a cross-eyed Siamese cat named Phaitak—Taki for short. Actor Alan Hale spends his spare time tinkering on gadgets in his private workshop. With corrective lenses prescribed by an oculist, Alan made a pair of spectacles for Glenda's cross-eyed cat. Taki loves wearing the glasses, which tie on snugly behind his ears, don't bother him, and save him from bumping into the furniture. . . . Offstage, Glenda is Mrs. Henry Ross. Her husband's a surgeon—one of the few graduates both of West Point and Harvard Medical.

Bob Hope and Madeleine Carroll in a rollicking scene from My Favorite Blonde.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ MY FAVORITE BLONDE (for Hope and hilarity)

Bob Hope is at his funniest in this gay comedy. Since Madeleine Carroll is as lovely as usual and the lines fairly crackle with laughter, you can see that it's quite a show. It will be a dandy year for the screen if it turns up many more offerings with as much amusement and excitement. Here's where Hollywood does a bang-up job for morale.

The film has been put together ingeniously. The laughs are the main thing, of course, but they've been strung along in a dizzy and delightful continuity. Hope clowns magnificently without benefit of the script, but a daffy spy story helps no end.

The show spins along from the opening sequence, mixing melodrama and merriment in nice proportions. The heroine is a British agent taking secret flying orders in a brooch from New York to Los Angeles. A particularly sinister band of Nazi murderers is after her. In desperation she calls on a bewildered vaudeville performer who is going West with a trained penguin, and the stage is set for killings, hairbreadth escapes, and hilarity.

The mild-mannered penguin trainer finds that the men in black are dead serious. He tries to take a run-out on the blonde, but realizes that he has fallen for her. So he helps her get the secret orders across the country. They escape from an apartment by putting on a domestic brawl and getting a police escort. They barge in on a women's club meeting where the hero has to talk on the care of infants. They hop freights, steal trucks, and have a wild fracas in a fake undertaking establishment.

The stuff of a fine comedy with scary overtones is right there in the story. The point is that the Hope antics and Madeleine Carroll's steady and brilliant performance get every chuckle out of the material. The great comedian never misses a trick. His consternation at finding a man with a knife in his back is hilarious. His attempt to walk out on the British spy is a splendid piece of pantomime. And there's a surprise sequence in which Bing Crosby, in a fleeting bit, gives Hope the cue for a comical interlude.

It's Hope's show, as you'd expect, but Miss Carroll, in the title role, has a lot to do with the action and the amusement. She plays straight but with such a deft sense of comic values that her portrayal is almost as much of a delight as that of her co-star.

Sidney Lanfield is responsible for

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"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!"

★ ★ ★ ★

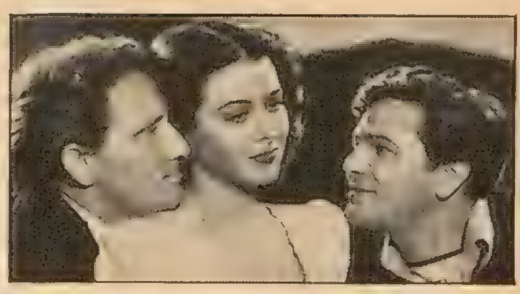
This was John Milton's idea of the gladsome month.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo's idea is bounteous, too,
In bringing "Tortilla Flat" to you!

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling novel. A more mirthful group of folk than dwell, and love, and gambol in the place called Tortilla Flat you never did see.



There are new laurels to pin on Spencer Tracy as *Pilon*—an authority on those three essentials of the gay life—Wine, Women and Song!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's Hedy Lamarr, as Dolores. They call her "Sweets". You'll soon see why.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's John Garfield, as Danny, who inherited two houses and a watch. But his eye for an attractive female was his own to begin with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Others? Lots of them, and all good. Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Henry O'Neill. A veritable galaxy. The director? A fellow named Fleming. Victor Fleming. Maybe you've heard of some of his many pictures—"Gone With The Wind", for instance. "Captains Courageous" too. A capable chap, you'll agree. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer.

★ ★ ★

On the horizon also is Leo's speedy musical "Ship Ahoy". Coming to you in a breeze on waves of laughter with a cargo of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. The sirens are ship-shape.

★ ★ ★

Salutes to the carefree crew: Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert (Stage-Star) Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and the justly-famous Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

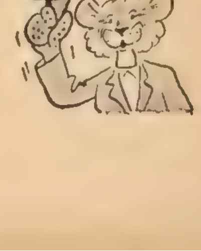
★ ★ ★ ★

Ahoy there Director Eddie Buzzell and screen play writer Harry Clork for a see-worthy entertainment.

★ ★

To "Tortilla Flat" and "Ship Ahoy" Leo gaily tips his Spring bonnet.

—Leo



the staging of My Favorite Blonde and he deserves a good round of applause. He has high-lighted the comedy in scene after scene. He has kept the plot whipping along at a rapid clip, unless Hope is in there elaborating a bit of business with double-takes and magnificent mugging. If you like to laugh at the movies, here's what the doctor ordered.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ IN THIS OUR LIFE
(for its talent line-up)

This somber screen version of Ellen Glasgow's novel doesn't lack movie-making talent. Young John Huston, who made a brilliant name for himself with The Maltese Falcon last season, directed it. Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan head an altogether superior company. With this line-up, the picture couldn't fail to have considerable power.

Maybe I was expecting too much, but my feeling is that the power is random. There are scenes that are tremendously moving. There are some savage characterizations and situations of absorbing dramatic interest. The catch is that they are rarely strung together in the tight unity that a movie demands. My guess is that the original novel was highly unsuited for screening.

The story is a tragic one. It deals with two girls in a small Southern community who take separate paths to happiness and find grief and frustration. Stanley Timberlake runs off with her sister Roy's husband, who kills himself when he comes to really know her. Roy, meanwhile, is about to marry Stanley's ex-fiancé when the cold-blooded young woman turns up again. She kills a small child in a wild drive and in the end kills herself trying to escape from the police.

Bette Davis plays the heartless witch with terrifying emphasis. Olivia de Havilland is fine as her nice sister, and Brent is quietly effective as the fellow who almost married the wrong sister. Then there are Charles Coburn, Frank Craven, Billie Burke, Hattie McDaniel, and Ernest Anderson contributing sharp portrayals. In This Our Life has its big moments, but they're scattered through a rather ponderous screen drama.

(Warner Bros.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★½—Joan of Paris.

★★★—The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian.

DERBY DAY

Continued from Page 29

tention. He recognizes voices, particularly mine and Mr. Swenke's, and prances around in his stall when he hears us coming."

Sabath believes Alsab's heart is as big as his frame. The colt is a big pet, as playful as a puppy, and whenever Mr. or Mrs. Sabath stops to pet him, he leans over and literally kisses them on the cheek.

He has a little mascot, a stable pony named Stuffie that lives near his stall and goes along at his side when he is shipped from one track to another.

Both trainer and owner declare Alsab is highly intelligent. "Not only does he know the exact hour of mealtime," said Swenke, "but when he is groomed he lifts his feet one after another and extends them to the groom without the slightest prodding." He has no nerves. Once eight photographers' flashlight bulbs exploded simultaneously a few minutes before Alsab paraded to the post—but it didn't bother him. Last October, just before the Spaulding Lowe Jenkins Cup race at Laurel, Maryland, there were about 1,000 fans in the saddling ring, pushing and talking and trying to get close enough to pet him. "The horse," recalls Swenke, "seemed to mind the excitement less than we did. He certainly proved it. He won the race by five lengths."

Alsab knows when he's on the stage. Before the famous Pimlico Special last fall he was paraded with colors up. When it was time for him to return to his stall, he refused to leave the track. It took three grooms to force him off it. He knew he had his colors up—and he wanted to run!

He is absolutely no trouble around the stables. Swenke says: "He acts like an old horse that has lived around stables for a long time."

What does Swenke think of his champion's prospects?

The Sarge is not a boastful man. He believes in letting Alsab's record speak for the colt. But don't get the idea that he is not high on his champion. "One day out in Chicago," he recalls, "I had a boy named Allen Craig assigned to ride Alsab. Shortly before the race Craig hurt his shoulder and we were stuck for a jockey. The only one available was an old-timer, Earl Pool, fifty years old. I couldn't very well scratch the horse, so I told Pool to take him.

"I didn't know how he could handle Alsab, and I was frankly worried. But Alsab didn't notice anything. He won the race by eight lengths. Up till that time I always suspected I had a good horse. After that race I was sure of it."

Will the Cinderella horse live up to all the big things promised of him? Or will he go back to the obscurity from which he came? Only time and the dust of many races know the answer.

THE END

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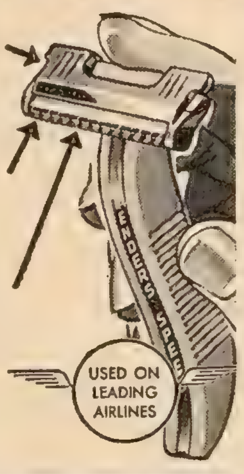

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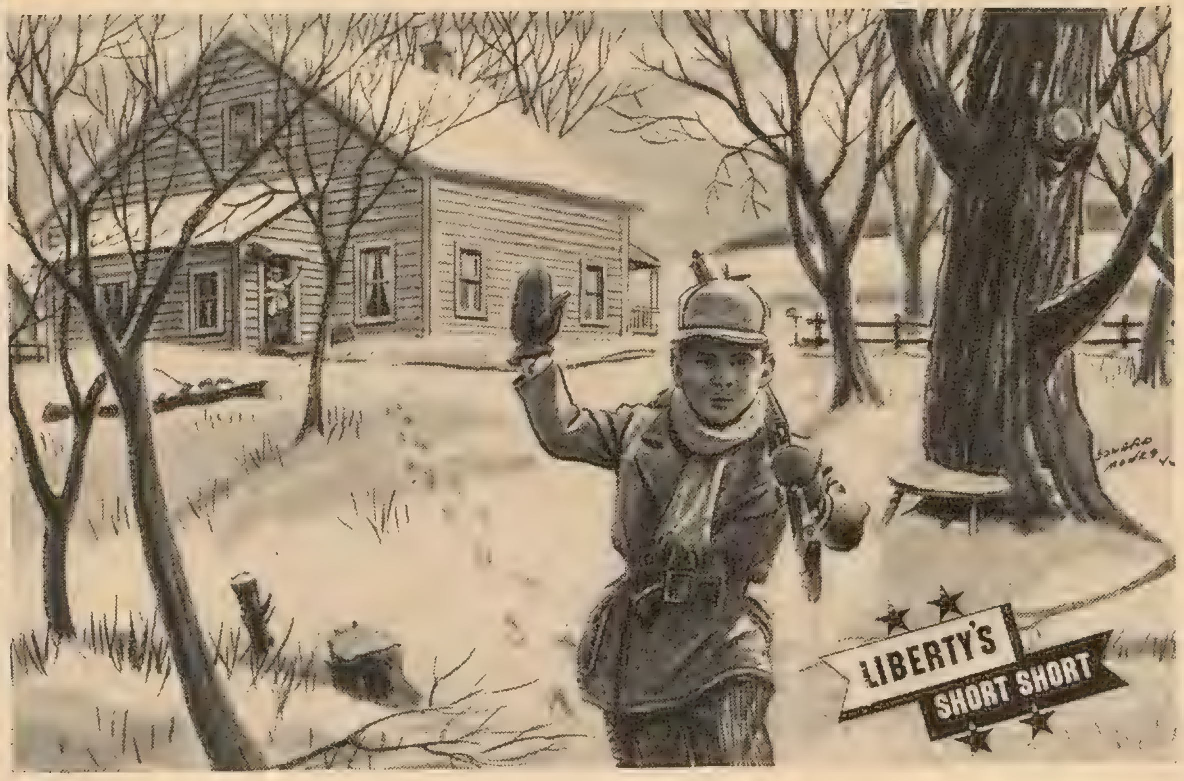
JIMMY MITTENS



BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ IT was early in November that he noticed the glass meat jars under the cellar stairs. They were empty, most of them. Usually they were all full by this time.

"Mom," he said, "what we going to do about meat?" His mother sat sewing and didn't look at him.

"Guess we can get along without much of that this winter, Jimmy," she said; and he said, "But, mom, dad always—" And then he stopped, for dad wasn't there any more, and never would be. There were just the two of them now—he and his mother.

"We couldn't very well kill any of the young stock," she said. "We'll need them, come spring. If we're going to run the farm, you and I." And she looked at him and smiled. They *were* going to. They could do it. Only it was up to him, sort of—the meat. He was the man in the house now, even if he was only twelve.

"Mom," he said, "maybe I could shoot us a deer. I'm a good shot." And she looked at him and smiled again—that smile that brought them so close together. "Maybe you could, Jimmy," she said; only he knew she didn't think he could, really. Gee, if he only could! That would see them through the winter, 'most—the long winter when you couldn't get out to the village for days sometimes.

He thought about it a great deal. He even asked about it some at school; and that was a mistake, because the older boys teased him. "Jimmy Mittens is going to shoot a deer!" And they laughed and shouted it in the yard. Jimmy Mittens. That was what they called him, and he didn't care much, because his mother made him the mittens. Red ones always, and with a string that ran through his sleeves so that he wouldn't lose them. He could have got along without the string now, but he didn't want to tell her that. She made them that way.

When he went to get the cartridges Herb, the storekeeper, said, "Goin' to get yourself a big buck, Jimmy?" grinning; and all the men around the stove laughed, and his face was very red as he walked home. Maybe he wouldn't get one. Maybe he wouldn't even see one. Maybe. . . . But he *would* get one. Dad always did.

Only, for the first four afternoons of the season, after school, he didn't even see one. He saw Roy Andrews, who was his friend from two farms down, and he saw big, sullen Pearson, who wasn't his friend, and whom his father never had liked. "Do you dirt," his father had said.

The fifth day was Saturday, and his mother said, "Jimmy, I wish you wouldn't go out again. You walk so far. And we'll get along." But he made her let him go: "Just this one day, mom."

He walked away back up the mountain to places where there were deer tracks in the light snow—and big rubber-boot tracks that were Ed Pearson's. He knew Ed's boot marks. He hoped he wouldn't see Ed. Not way out there.

Then he saw the buck.

It was a big five-pointer, and it was upwind and didn't hear or see him. He crept on in, inch by inch (Please let me get close enough—please let me!) until he was as close as he dared try, and then his gun went up.

(Don't let me shake—please don't let me shake.) And there was the bead, and his finger pressed, and the roar. He'd hit him. *He'd hit him.* And he got down there, stumbling, racing. Right through the heart. And a big buck. Awful big. Must be over two hundred pounds. . . .

And then he realized it was too heavy for him. He couldn't bring it in. Not after tugging till his face was red and tear-streaked—not crying tears, just mad tears. And then he thought, What would dad do?

Dad'd hide it under leaves and go get help. Dad'd be smart about it. Course'n dad could have lugged it in, but if he couldn't have— Sure, that was it. As Jimmy gathered brush and leaves, he hoped no one would find his deer. He hoped Ed Pearson wouldn't be by.

But it was four miles out before he heard the sound in the woods. He waited, didn't call till he could see and make sure. It was Roy! Roy was twenty-one and big and strong.

"Sure, kid, I'll help you lug him. Where is he?" And they started back. They had gone two miles when they saw Ed Pearson, and behind him, half dragged, the carcass of a deer.

He came close, and Roy said, "Hi, Ed," not too friendly; "got some luck, I see." And Ed Pearson said, "Yeah, nice buck," and moved on. And then Jimmy Mittens called. He was too scared to call, really, but he had to.

"Mr. Pearson, can I look at him?"

And Ed Pearson stopped and looked at *him*, frowning. Then, "Go ahead," he said; "look at him all you want. I just shot him." And Jimmy Mittens' eyes were big and his hands were very, very cold. His buck. He knew every mark on it, and the bullet hole.

Roy Andrews' gun came around very slowly and just hung there. And Jimmy Mittens said, "Mr. Pearson, I think you made a mistake. That's my deer. I just shot him, up there on the mountain. I—I couldn't lug him out, and I covered him up, and—"

Ed Pearson was glowering at him. "Your deer? What you talking about? Don't I just tell you I shot him?"

And Jimmy Mittens moved in close to the deer, and Roy shifted again, just a little, and Jimmy Mittens said, "But he is my deer, Mr. Pearson, and —and these are my mittens, too." And he reached into the buck's mouth and brought out the red mittens with mom's string to hold them together.

And Ed Pearson was just standing there, and so was Roy. Only Roy said, "Looks like the kid is right, Ed. If I was you, I'd just git along an' say nothin'—none of us."

And, after a minute, Ed Pearson took his eyes away from the gun, and grunted, and got along. And, with Roy helping, it wasn't really too hard to drag that deer home. Mom'd be there in the doorway. Mom'd be awful glad to see him. And his hands were warm now, warm and comfortable in the mittens with the string between so's they wouldn't get lost. Ever.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

MALTA
TRIPOLI

MALTA

PAIN IN THE AXIS NECK

by Liberty's Special War Correspondent, Robert Low

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ JUST a few weeks ago Mussolini and Göring stood on the shores of Sicily gazing out at a tiny island—Malta. Gayda, the Italian mouthpiece, once called Malta "an enemy aircraft carrier" moored to the toe of Italy, and that was what was worrying the two Axis leaders, whatever their particular plans for making war in spring may have been at that time.

That was why, for some twenty months, Malta had been all but incessantly bombed by their air forces. It was why, by early April, German bombers were to touch off the tiny island's 2,000th air-raid alarm. It is why, at this writing, the raids are being made so very much hotter and heavier that by the time you read these words it is imaginable—however unlikely—that Malta will have fallen.

Meanwhile, at this writing, for the past eighteen months the British bomber squadrons operating from Malta have been sinking thousands of tons of Axis shipping bound for the Nord Afrika Corps; bombing ports and industrial centers in Italy and Tripolitania; ground-strafing airdromes in Sicily.

What the two men discussed has not been revealed in detail, but there can be no doubt that the question uppermost in their minds was whether to invade or not to invade. With Malta out of the way, they realized, the Mediterranean finally might become Mussolini's cherished dream of Mare Nostrum. The Axis would then control this landlocked sea from Gibraltar to Alexandria, cutting British lines of connection with the Middle and Far East to an even greater degree than at present. Reinforcements to those battle fronts from England and the United States would require five weeks longer to reach the fighting lines via the Cape of Good Hope—five weeks more of vulnerability to submarine attack. And five weeks more at a time when Field Marshal Rommel can be reinforced from the Krupp factory in a matter of six days.

Day after day, from the date of Italy's entry into the war in June, 1940, Axis bombers attempted to blast this stronghold right out of the water. Flying a mere fifty-odd miles, they were able to carry their maximum bomb loads to this target, sixteen miles long and nine miles wide. But their efforts went unrewarded, for Malta is one solid piece of limestone, easy to dig out but hard to bomb. Every objective, military or civil, of any importance was many feet underground and every one of the quarter million inhabitants had shelter at least twelve feet below the surface. Thousands of them found refuge in the catacombs of palaces built in the Middle Ages by the Knights of Malta.

But when I was there, not long ago, the Maltese did not take their air raids calmly or philosophically. They didn't like to stay underground and listen to the crump of bombs. What they wanted to do was stay up there and watch the British fighters and antiaircraft defenses doing their stuff.

The Maltese were proud of their air raids. "Sure," they said, and said, "London can take it, but no city or place in the world has taken it for as long or as often as we have." Proudest of all was the manager of a hotel in Valletta. The afternoon I arrived he escorted me to my room with great gusto. It was a fine room, he told me. The best in the hotel. With dramatic gesture he flung open the French windows and proudly exclaimed:

"From this room, signor, you can see everything. Air raids during the day, air raids at night. And if the Italians make another raid on our harbor with their E-boats, that too you will be able to witness. There is nothing of interest that cannot be seen from here, signor," he said. Then he took a little bow. He made me feel that the many daily raids were a special treat he personally had arranged.

When the first of the night raids

PRESS ASSOCIAT

Malta. At left are the harbor entrance, the fortress guarding it, and, beyond, Valletta.

started he dashed back to my room to act as master of ceremonies. No sooner had the melancholy whine of the alert died down than he was beside me, pulling at my sleeve excitedly. "See, signor, those are our night fighters. Watch the bombers carefully now!" I looked, but either his eyes were better than mine or his imagination was. I could only see the converging beams of seven searchlights swaying slightly as if balancing an invisible balloon.

Suddenly another cluster pierced the cloudless night sky. Gently the balloon was passed along to its apex. Then the first fountain of light vanished. My Maltese friend continued his blow-by-blow account. Our fighters, he said, were closing in fast. I still could see nothing, but I was willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. He had witnessed 1,450 air raids on Malta. He ought to know.

He was almost frantic now because I could not follow this entertainment he seemed to feel that he had arranged for the evening. He implored me to watch the course of the searchlights. And he was right. I now could see a tiny silver speck up there. Probably a Junkers 88. It was flying an erratic course, but the lights held it. We could hear the sound of its desynchronized motors as they droned on unevenly. There was a new, sharper note, too. A fighter diving. For an instant we saw the flicker of a tiny white light—the fighter signaling to the ground defenses. The next second the searchlights were extinguished. The two planes were alone, barely visible in the moonlight.

Suddenly a stream of red tracer stabbed the sky. The fighter had made contact and was within range. The quick burst of its four guns did not go unanswered. From the tail of the German bomber came a reply in white tracer, but it was a thin line and wide of its mark.

Across the street a dozen Maltese in nightshirts were shouting encouragement to the British fighters. There were cheering groups in windows and at every corner. My little friend was right indeed. This battle in the night was the most spectacular show that any one could possibly witness.

Another red burst from the fighter seemed to eat into the bomber, but the rear gunner of the German plane was still firing—wildly now, as he swung his gun from side to side in an effort to fill the air behind with lead. They were almost over the shore of the island when the third long, telling burst of the fighter's guns found the vital spot—the petrol tanks. The bomber seemed to hang in the air for a moment, a red glowing ball of fire. Then it started down toward the sea in a wide spiral of flame. Its work done for the moment, the fighter turned and started back into the night to wait for the next raider which was bound to follow soon.

"We do pretty well here in Malta, eh, signor?" said my friend, taking a final bow.

Air raids are all right when you can fight back, and Malta has had more than one way of doing that. On dark cloudy nights when the searchlights were not effective, on dull gray days when the mist rose from the sea, cutting down visibility to a matter of yards, Malta put up the heaviest antiaircraft barrage in the world.

Nowhere, even in Moscow, has there been such a concentration of fire power per square mile. The surprising lack of damage, considering the number of raids and the numbers of crashed German aircraft scattered about the island, testifies to that. When Mr. Churchill promised the House of Commons that the lessons learned in Crete would be applied elsewhere, he was referring particularly to Malta. The number of troops stationed on the island was naturally a military secret, but even the censor would not have minded any one admitting that it was hard to walk more than a few feet in any direction without tripping over a soldier. Every inch of the island has been covered by heavy artillery fire, field guns, machine guns, rifles, tanks, right down to hand grenades.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Tripoli. The city's modern section—blitzed by the British since this picture was taken.

But not all of Malta's preparations were for defense. The R. A. F., commanded by Air Vice-Marshal Hugh Lloyd, has struck hard at the enemy from the island's airdromes, despite all attempts to render them unusable. Lloyd is a young man for such a senior job. At the beginning of this war he was a wing commander in charge of a squadron of Wellington bombers that made the first raids of the war on Germany. He has known that the assignments he sent his pilots on were tough—but they have known that he had done them all himself. That helps morale.

* * *

IT was his idea I take a trip on the "bus route" one night. "If you want to write about what the boys are doing," he said, "why don't you take a ride with them on their nightly run over to Tripoli to see what it's like?"

The night was calm and beautiful, and as we climbed up to the bus route the path of the full moon broadened into a great lustrous patch in the sea below. Astern, the Great Bear, scarcely dimmed by the radiance of moonlight, dipped down behind the hazy line where the sky met the darkness of the still Mediterranean. Close on either side of the cockpit, blue flames flickered on the glowing exhausts of the motors, and ahead of them the propeller blades drew a faint luminous circle against the sky.

The pilot, whose name was Johnny, sat efficiently in the pilot's seat looking as if he had done this trip all his life, but just a few years before he had been a wool merchant in London. I had asked him whether he thought that life would be pretty dull after the war when he went back to his old work. But he had solemnly assured me that "the wool business is really much more interesting than this."

From the astro-navigation dome the scene was peaceful. The singsong note of the engines was almost the only sound. There was little talk over the communicating telephone connected to our flying helmets. Once or twice the navigator threw out a flame float and it burned brightly on the sea on our quarter. The rear gunner read off his figures to the navigator: "The drift is three degrees starboard. The drift is one to three degrees starboard. Three degrees starboard." The response was: "O. K. Thank you."

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Long before it seemed due, we were in sight of Tripoli. The captain's voice came over the intercalm: "What do you make our estimated time of arrival?" The navigator gave him the calculated time. "Well, I think we are coming right on Tripoli now, about four miles ahead."

Our heavily laden bomber swung majestically and deliberately around into the desert, and the bomb aimer had another look at his target and went forward. "I'll follow this road," said the captain. "The target is just beyond the first bend after it enters the town." He throttled back and we started gliding lower and lower.

☆ THE searchlights were groping for us and the heavy ack-ack was twinkling now. Light flak—red, green, and white—was rising and swaying like lines of bubbles in a glass of champagne. "There it is, just below us," said the captain suddenly. "Those ships you see alongside the Spanish Quay."

Just then the swinging beam of a searchlight caught us and followed like a stage spotlight. The dome of the astro-hatch glowed like an electric-light bulb. The ack-ack twinkled faster, and the whirling colored fountains of flak floated up toward us with an almost fatal fascination.

"They're right on us now, sir, and there's lots of bubbly coming up now. Better turn, sir," the rear gunner reported from his glass house.

"I'm going to take her down to 5,000 before we drop the first stick," the captain told us.

The nose went down sharply and swung to port, and the spinning ground rushed upward. The rays of the searchlight dipped, lagged behind, and lost us. But suddenly there was a terrific bump and we seemed to stop in mid-air for a split second. I looked out over the pilot's wind screen and saw that the leading edge of the port wing had been hit.

"I think we've been hit, captain," the rear gunner reported, with hardly any urgency in his voice. And then there was another brief halt in mid-air and he reported, "I think we've been hit again, captain."

Johnny the wool merchant and I looked out at the wing again. The fabric was peeling back off the frame of the wing like a banana skin.

The upward rush of the ships and buildings below was much greater now. We were down to 4,000 feet and losing height at the rate of some 330 miles an hour. The sign above the instrument board which said the aircraft must not be dived at more than 280, kept flashing through my mind. I saw Johnny pulling hard on the big stick, but he wasn't doing much good. I felt like one solid column of fear. Two thousand, one thousand, and the air-speed indicator was right off the clock. And then Johnny took both feet off the rudder bars and braced them against the instrument board. One last colossal tug on that stick. With a sickening wonderful lurch the nose came up and we began to flatten out over the Spanish Quay. Johnny ordered, "Let go bombs."

The lightening of the load was perceptible. We seemed to be skimming the ground now, and the aircraft vibrated as muffled detonations rumbled just below and behind us. "I can see the bursts, sir," reported the tail gunner. "They look like they are right on the target."

The front gunner had a report now. "The ack-ack is firing right along the ground at us," he said, almost incredulously. It was no wonder, because the altimeter showed we were flying at 500 feet. We shot out over the harbor and slowly, slowly started climbing again. With half the fabric gone on the port wing we were not getting any lift from the port elevator, and climbing was a difficult business.

We were back at 5,000 feet and the bomb aimer asked, "Shall I prepare the second stick, sir?" I felt like cutting in and saying, "No; we're going home." Johnny merely replied, "Yes, prepare the second stick, but we won't dive this time." I could see his point.

☆ ONCE more into that unholy carnival of blinking lights, and once again that step-up as our bombs dropped. At last we were on our way back to Malta. O. K., O. K., sang the motors. The "bus route" had been safely traveled again, even though we had almost had a "blowout" doing it.

It was dawn as we came back over the tiny island. From the air she still showed very few scars. We landed, and the six of us waddled out in our heavy flying clothes toward the operations room. "I don't know about you pros, but, personally, I don't like flying without fabric on the wing," I said to Johnny. "Who the hell does?" he replied. I could see how the wool business *would* be very interesting, after all.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 16

1—Mrs. Mickey Rooney.
2—He tied a knot which the oracles said would give control of Asia to any who could untie it. Alexander, unable to untie it, cut it. It is known as the Gordian knot.
3—As the same amount of rain falls over a whole district, it means one inch of rain in any space.
4—Homer S. Cummings, Frank Murphy, Robert Jackson, and Francis Biddle.
5—Give up the sea and become a landlubber.
6—It is known as Pi—taken generally as 3.1416—denoting the relationship of the circumference of a circle to the diameter.
7—Hosiery.
8—War Production Board, of which Donald Nelson is boss.
9—Yes, unless or until shown to have been born outside the country.
10—He risked the heavyweight championship title—for charity.
11—The glass harmonica, consisting of harmonically arranged glass bowls.
12—It is believed to be a pun on "humerus" (humorous), the upper armbone, at the end of which is the "funny bone."
13—The President of the United States.
14—It comes from the French "couvre-feu"—cover fire—the old custom being to cover the fires before retiring at night.
15—Tinker, Evers, and Chance, the famous baseball trio.
16—The orchestra in a theater. The actor must go out and face the music whether or not he knows his lines.
17—New York, from which state came seven Presidents' wives.
18—Officials say no, since the law states definitely that "standard time shall be advanced an hour." War time is its proper name.
19—Virginia—so listed in the 1790, 1800, and 1810 census rankings.
20—Otis Skinner and Cornelia Otis Skinner.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ NO matter how this letter may sound, we aren't kicking; we'd just like for somebody to explain a few things to us.

You're a soldier. Now figure out how often a good soldier can visit the U. S. O. Remember, we said a *good* soldier. Some people think that a "doggy" quits being a soldier at recall. Maybe we got the wrong training, we don't know, but we were taught by the old regulars in an old Army Engineer outfit that there were shoes to shine, brass to polish, webbing to scrub, guns to clean, and a lot of other things to do on weekday nights, and then, if we had time, we could play on the week-end.

What percentage of the men from the average post or camp actually use the U. S. O. facilities? We'd like to know. Don't think for a minute, Sarge, that we don't appreciate all the things that those swell people are doing for us. The U. S. O. is a wonderful organization. But is it accomplishing its purpose? We have our own company day rooms for ping-pong and checkers and things like that. If it is necessary for the U. S. O. to provide us with all the things they do to keep us happy and contented, if all that money has to be spent for our "morale" (whatever that is), then aren't Washington's men of Valley Forge kinda spinning in their graves?

Here's our idea, Sarge. Take those millions the U. S. O. is spending and use them to get us guns and planes and tanks. Give us munitions instead of dances. We don't have to be pampered and babied. We're ready and wanting to fight, and all we ask of the civilians is for them to quit striking and stop talking and get behind us and hand us the things to fight with. Let us feed our own spirit and let them feed our bodies and guns. Just treat us like the men we hope we are. If we're still mama's boys, then O. K. . . . and send us our lace panties.

Sgts. A. W., J. J., and J. B.,
Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Sergeants, you've said three large mouthfuls. But there's another angle. Not every soldier, by a long shot, has had your training or feels as you all do about work first and play afterward. If he can get a pass he'll take it and use it, and that's where the U. S. O. comes in. They're doing a job that has to be done, and the more boys who use the U. S. O. facilities instead of the red-light and gyp-joint attractions, the better. And here's another thing: the government (which means every taxpayer) is spending billions on war material while the U. S. O. is spending only a few millions (all of which is contributed voluntarily) on the men's leisure hours. *I* think that's a fair proportion and a good investment. Any one else who wants to put in his two bits' or two cents' worth is more than welcome.

Recently I wrote home to ask if I could vote in the next elections on an absentee voter's ballot. The answer was "no," although I have lived in that state over twenty-six years. I feel that I and all the other men in service should still have a voice in the affairs of our country. Possibly publication of this letter will show our legislators that we soldiers are still interested—and it might even get some action.

Pfc. M. A. C.,
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

You must come from one of the eight states which do not provide for absentee voting: Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina. Not since 1918 has the soldier vote been of such importance as it will be in the next November elections, and both major political parties are carefully studying the varying elections laws of the several states. In my opinion, it's likely that "there'll be changes made."

The almost 2,000,000 men in the Army use a lot of tin in the form of tooth-paste and shaving-soap tubes, which are nearly 100 per cent pure tin. Now, if a box was placed in each washroom or latrine in which the men could deposit the used tubes, there'd be a saving of I don't know how many hundreds of pounds of tin each month. See what you can do about it, Sarge, for a speedier victory.

Pfc. W. W. S., Fort Benning, Ga.

Sounds like a fine idea, soldier, and I can at least publish your letter hoping that it will catch the eyes of the authorities who can activate it. (Just as this page goes to press, the announcement comes that civilians must exchange a used, empty tube for each new, full tube purchased. Undoubtedly tin saving in the armed forces will be made mandatory now instead of optional.)

While returning to camp by rail recently, we uniformed men were forced to sit two, three, or more in a seat, and hold our baggage, while civilians put their baggage on the seat beside them or even stacked it on the one behind. Not only were we uncomfortable but were made to feel like scum.

What's public opinion on this?

Pvt. J. B., Camp Lee, Va.

Public opinion will be revealed after your letter appears, but *I* can say now that I've not happened to see any such conditions as you describe, and I've done a fair amount of train traveling recently. Every uniformed man I've seen on a train has had all the courtesy and attention he could want from civilian passengers. I don't doubt your story, but there's something funny here. Any other men with similar experiences?

We would like to know where you get the gall to call one measly page This Man's War. And who told you that this war is being fought elbow to elbow? That elbow stuff went out with the Civil War. But that's secondary. What we want is about six pages instead of one page, and half of that taken up by a picture of a soldier such as we see every day in the flesh.

Five Privates First Class,
Camp Malakole, Honolulu, T. H.

Don't look now, but there's that southpaw argument again. I'll never hear the last of *that*. I wouldn't know about the Civil War, seeing as how I was under the draft age at the time. And don't blame *me* for the space I get and the art I'm given . . . but if you'll raise a little hell with the bosses I'll be much obliged.

"Captain, I want to report this man."

"What's he done?"

"Well, every time I check up on the guys to find out where they come from, this guy he says: 'Deep in the heart of Texas, clap, clap, clap, clap.' "

Army Times.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

ISLAND OF THE SEVE DEVILS

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

PART FIVE—THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS A SECRET

☆ OPPOSITE Jimmy's room a yellow rectangle of light fell across the floor and disappeared at once as Wallie snapped off the wall switch behind her. She walked back to her desk and resumed her writing. I thought she was too disturbed to talk; but her eyes, lifting to me suddenly after a moment, were surprisingly matter-of-fact. "You see?" she said, as though she were talking about the weather.

I knew her better now, and her bluntness did not startle me as it might have once. "I'm disappointed. I'd sort of hoped the accident would—well, bring them together."

"You read that in a book, didn't you?" she said, entering figures on the chart before her.

"But Jimmy needs her."

"She doesn't want somebody who needs her. She wants to need somebody." She continued to write as she talked. "That's how he's been losing her all along: needing her. She's been standing up for him, shielding him, protecting him."

She laid down the pen and blotted the report briskly.

"She doesn't want weakness, Doc. She wants strength. That's what it is in Brand—his strength. Can't you see that, too? It's the very thing Jimmy lacks."

I pondered: "If Jimmy had that—"

"She wants to need him," Wallie nodded. "But now she has to turn to Brand instead."

"Sort of tough on her," I said.

She looked up at me again, indignantly:

"How about Brand? He loves her."

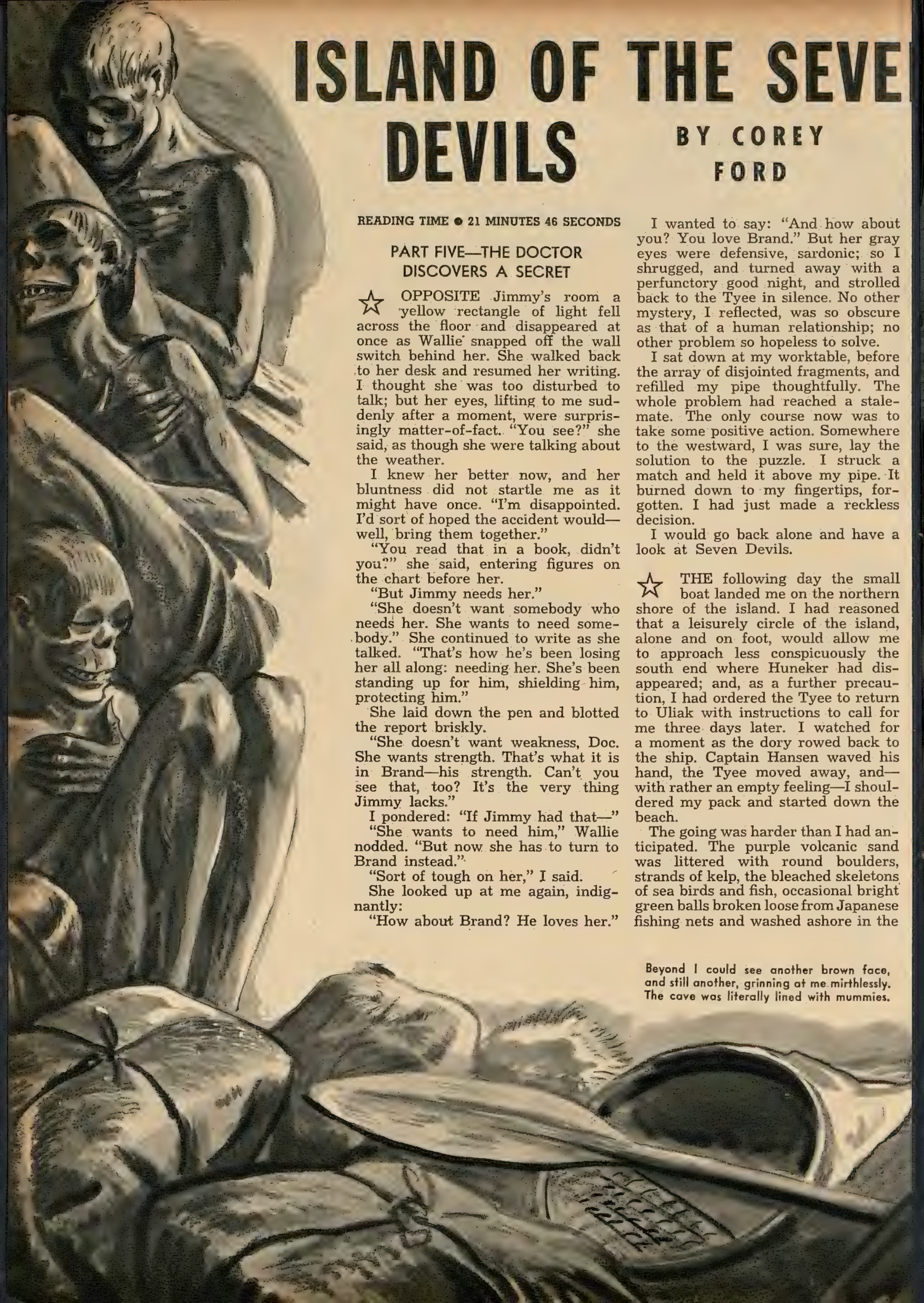
I wanted to say: "And how about you? You love Brand." But her gray eyes were defensive, sardonic; so I shrugged, and turned away with a perfunctory good night, and strolled back to the Tyee in silence. No other mystery, I reflected, was so obscure as that of a human relationship; no other problem so hopeless to solve.

I sat down at my worktable, before the array of disjointed fragments, and refilled my pipe thoughtfully. The whole problem had reached a stalemate. The only course now was to take some positive action. Somewhere to the westward, I was sure, lay the solution to the puzzle. I struck a match and held it above my pipe. It burned down to my fingertips, forgotten. I had just made a reckless decision.

I would go back alone and have a look at Seven Devils.

☆ THE following day the small boat landed me on the northern shore of the island. I had reasoned that a leisurely circle of the island, alone and on foot, would allow me to approach less conspicuously the south end where Huneker had disappeared; and, as a further precaution, I had ordered the Tyee to return to Uliak with instructions to call for me three days later. I watched for a moment as the dory rowed back to the ship. Captain Hansen waved his hand, the Tyee moved away, and—with rather an empty feeling—I shouldered my pack and started down the beach.

The going was harder than I had anticipated. The purple volcanic sand was littered with round boulders, strands of kelp, the bleached skeletons of sea birds and fish, occasional bright green balls broken loose from Japanese fishing nets and washed ashore in the



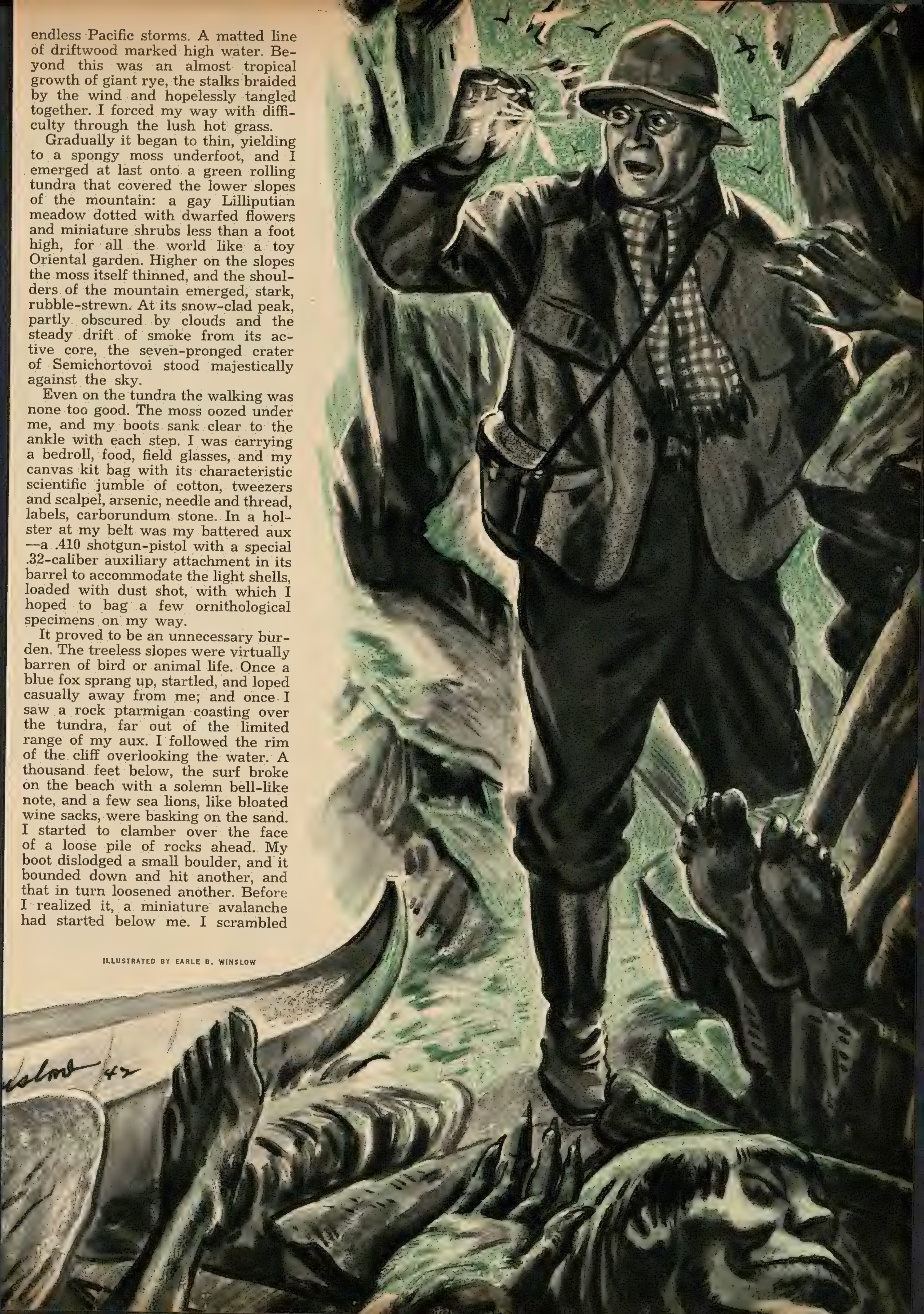
Beyond I could see another brown face, and still another, grinning at me mirthlessly. The cave was literally lined with mummies.

endless Pacific storms. A matted line of driftwood marked high water. Beyond this was an almost tropical growth of giant rye, the stalks braided by the wind and hopelessly tangled together. I forced my way with difficulty through the lush hot grass.

Gradually it began to thin, yielding to a spongy moss underfoot, and I emerged at last onto a green rolling tundra that covered the lower slopes of the mountain: a gay Lilliputian meadow dotted with dwarfed flowers and miniature shrubs less than a foot high, for all the world like a toy Oriental garden. Higher on the slopes the moss itself thinned, and the shoulders of the mountain emerged, stark, rubble-strewn. At its snow-clad peak, partly obscured by clouds and the steady drift of smoke from its active core, the seven-pronged crater of Semichortovoi stood majestically against the sky.

Even on the tundra the walking was none too good. The moss oozed under me, and my boots sank clear to the ankle with each step. I was carrying a bedroll, food, field glasses, and my canvas kit bag with its characteristic scientific jumble of cotton, tweezers and scalpel, arsenic, needle and thread, labels, carborundum stone. In a holster at my belt was my battered aux —a .410 shotgun-pistol with a special .32-caliber auxiliary attachment in its barrel to accommodate the light shells, loaded with dust shot, with which I hoped to bag a few ornithological specimens on my way.

It proved to be an unnecessary burden. The treeless slopes were virtually barren of bird or animal life. Once a blue fox sprang up, startled, and loped casually away from me; and once I saw a rock ptarmigan coasting over the tundra, far out of the limited range of my aux. I followed the rim of the cliff overlooking the water. A thousand feet below, the surf broke on the beach with a solemn bell-like note, and a few sea lions, like bloated wine sacks, were basking on the sand. I started to clamber over the face of a loose pile of rocks ahead. My boot dislodged a small boulder, and it bounded down and hit another, and that in turn loosened another. Before I realized it, a miniature avalanche had started below me. I scrambled



ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW

uphill desperately toward solid ground as the torrent of loose rocks poured over the side of the cliff and, a full minute later, struck the ocean with a deep, stirring thunder.

The sun was sinking as I prepared to bed down for the night, halfway around the island. A queer chuckling sound caught my ear. I waited, watching intently. Presently a small dark-bodied bird, with a crested topknot which he carried jauntily like a California quail, marched out from a crevice in the cliff and regarded me owlishly for a moment. Then he fluffed his feathers insolently—I could have sworn he shrugged—and walked clear out to the end of a projecting rock, and, with wings in full motion, pitched off in an air-line dive for the water. Through my glasses I saw him level off at the bottom of his descent, only a few inches from the surface of the ocean, and shoot out at right angles like a projectile from a gun.

He was followed by another, and then another—each bird in turn stepping out onto a rock and taking off in the same breath-taking leap. Some were crested auklets; some I recognized as the rarer and absurd-looking least auklets, their big eyes surrounded by a few scattered white bristles like plucked eyebrows. Soon the air was full of acrobatic birds forming in long single lines and moving in endless undulating ribbons below me, crisscrossing each other's path, weaving in and out in graceful patterns, alternately dark and light as they turned in the air. The sun was almost down. Without warning, the ribbons wound upward toward the cliff again, and with a roar like a waterfall the entire flock disintegrated overhead, hundreds of individual birds dropping like falling leaves and landing all about me. Solemnly they looked at me for a moment, shrugged again, and trudged back into their burrows for the night.

* * *

I started out next morning in a drizzle of rain. The very character of the island seemed to change as I approached the southern end. The slopes grew more precipitous, and deep gullies and folds blocked my way. At last I was forced to abandon the green uplands and make my way perilously down the crumbling cliff to the water's edge. The beach was narrow and covered with massive boulders, partly overgrown with grass. I had to hop from rock to rock over the intervening leads of dark heaving water, frequently slipping and falling on the wet kelp. Swarms of gnats followed me, burning my ears and throat, and the perspiration ran saltily into my eyes. I began to curse myself for my elaborate precautions. Certainly no human being inhabited this sorry wasteland. I could have saved myself time and trouble by landing directly on the southern tip of the island.

The substance of the entire cliff was lava, ranging from basalt to a crumbling brownish shale frequently warm to the touch. The blood stream of the old mountain still ran hot: frequent steam jets rose from the black broken rock, little boiling streams ran down the face of the cliff toward the sea, and here and there a sulphurous spring bubbled up between the boulders. The beach was desolate and sinister. Murres, disturbed in their brooding, screamed overhead in the fog; now and then a glaucous-winged gull snatched a downy fledgling murre from its nest and made off with it ravenously. Red-legged oyster catchers shrilled at me as I passed. Occasionally a fat tufted puffin would take off from shore and pedal industriously in a long futile circle back to the very spot he had started from, his white side whiskers streaming behind him like a black-frocked English vicar's doing his parish rounds on a bicycle.

* * *

MY progress was so slow I had lost all track of time; but I judged it was late afternoon when I spotted at last the single active fumarole which I had seen on my last visit. It was dead ahead, huffing and panting in the fog. I halted to catch my breath; and, as I did so, a lone duck took off from the water with a loud flapping and scudded past me, so near that its wings made a distinct humming sound. Its head, I had barely time to observe, was a ruddy chestnut, its back had the black-and-white markings of the unidentified specimen on the Tyee. It made for the rockslide above me and disappeared.

I forgot all caution in my excitement. As I scrambled up the steep incline, a couple of loose rocks rolled out from under me, and one boulder, bigger than the rest, hurtled downward, bouncing from rock to rock and shooting puffs of white dust wherever it struck. The whole heap was literally poised like a set of child's blocks, ready to tumble at the first substantial jar. For safer going, I crawled toward a crevice in the mountainside. As I reached the rim, my boot skidded on the slick face of the rock. I felt myself sliding helplessly, and I dug my fingers into the cracks in vain to gain a hold. To my relief, my foot touched something solid before I had gone any great distance, and I halted, still upright.

I was standing at the bottom of a V-shaped cleft some fifty yards above sea level. The slanting walls of the crevice were not high; I could still see the smoke of the fumarole just over the rim. Before me, black and silent, was the opening of a cave.

I happened to look down. At my feet, bleached white, I saw a section of human rib.

Even then I do not think I had any actual sense of danger. I slipped the pack from my shoulder and placed it on a rock beside the entrance of the cave, leaning my .32 aux against it. Holding my breath—not through fear, but because my waistline is not normally designed for such proceedings—I wriggled and squeezed feet first through the narrow orifice.

To my physical relief, I observed that the cave widened once I was inside. In the uncertain light I could make out a good-sized vault, extending clear out of sight in the heart of the mountain. The ceiling was low, and caked with a hard white salt-like substance. The floor was littered with rubble, loose rocks, pieces of bone, the scat of numerous foxes—all of it covered with a fine fluffy brown dust as soft as lint. There was an overpowering odor in the cave, a dank decadent smell that I could not identify. For some reason, it gagged me when I breathed.

I began to feel my way forward in the semidarkness, clinging for guidance to the dirt wall of the cave. I took two steps and halted, every muscle suddenly rigid. My heart banged once, and seemed to stop.

A hand had reached out from the wall and raked across my cheek.

I do not know how long I stood there motionless. I know I have never been so thoroughly frightened, before or since. I could not get my breath; my heart was pumping so hard that it jerked by whole head; and my eyes were blinded with actual tears of fright. There had been something in the touch of that hand that was not natural, not earthly. The hand was dead!

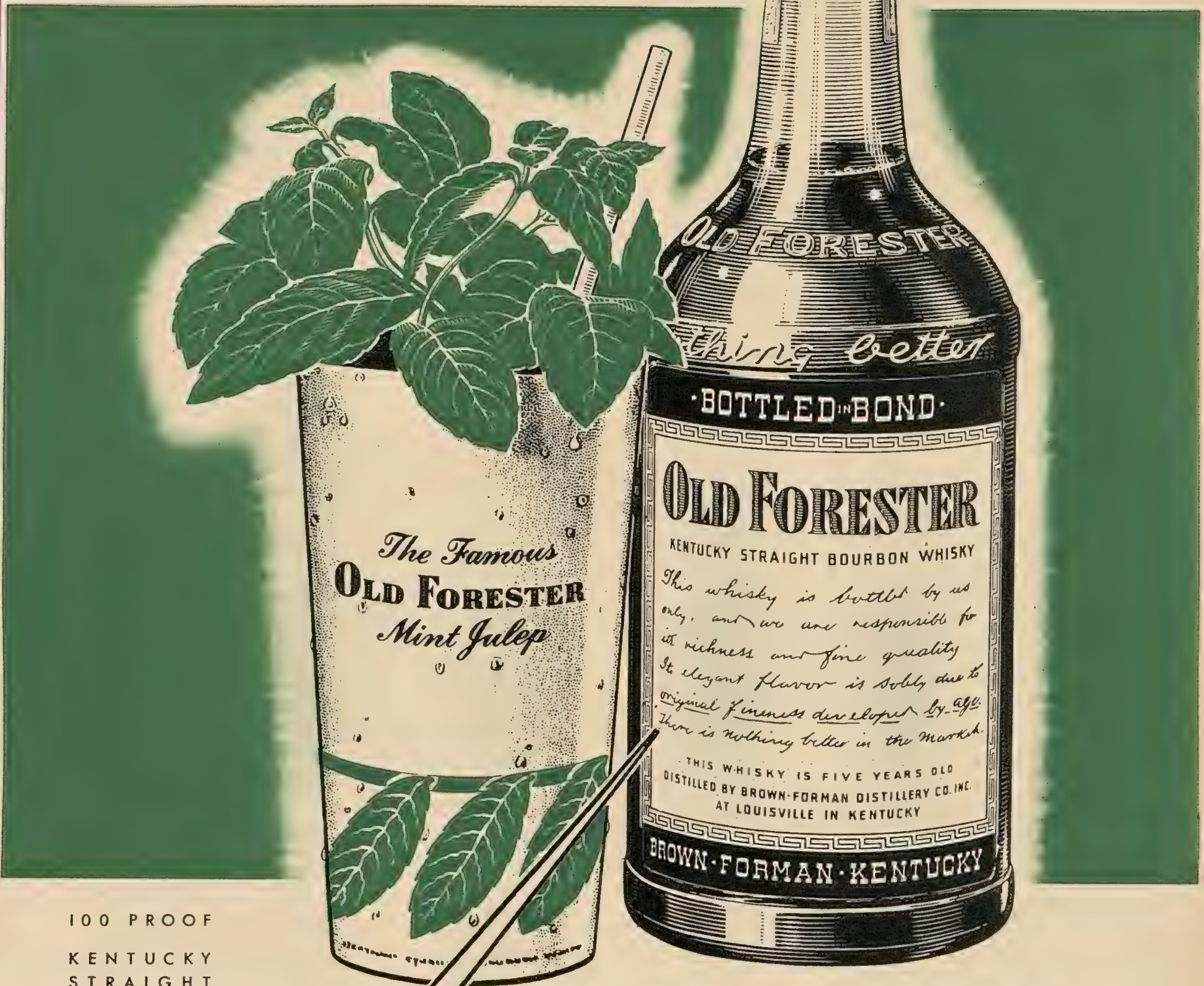
* * *

GRADUALLY my panic subsided. I fumbled in my pocket for a paper matchsafe and struck a light. In the flicker of the match I made out the withered hand and arm of a mummy protruding from the dirt. Evidently it had been partly dug out of its earthly tomb by the ravenous foxes. The exposed portion of the leathery face had been eaten away, but the part still buried was intact. Beyond it I could see another brown sunken face, and still another, grinning at me mirthlessly. The cave was lined—literally lined—with mummies.

My match went out, and I hastily lit another. On all sides the foxes had wrought a job of indescribable destruction. Once the mummies had been arranged in tiers, one upon another, supported by racks of driftwood. Most of them had been dug out and violated, and one or two had tumbled bodily onto the floor of the cave. They were in various stages of preservation, I saw, and apparently of all ages: adult males and females, children, even a few premature births in baskets of plaited grass. Each body had been carefully eviscerated and stuffed with wild rye grass—*Elymus*—and placed in a contracted position, with the limbs folded up close to the body, the hands clasped below the chin, and the head bent a little forward—an attitude of brooding thought. All of the mummies had been elaborately clothed in sea-otter furs or bird-skin parkas—I saw one wrinkled monkey face with even a jaunty feather stuck through the dry lobe of his ear—and wrapped in sea-lion skins laced together with kelp.

I lit another match—my supply was getting low—and poked with the toe of my boot at the rubble underfoot.

(*Continued on page 52*)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Famous **OLD FORESTER**

(Continued from page 50)

The floor was littered with shreds of grass matting, loose wrappings, bones. Part of an ancient skin kayak, evidently burned with its warrior owner, lay on its side before me; paddles, war shields, various ivory ornaments, stone lamps, exquisite woven baskets were scattered around it in the dust. Still buried in the wall I discovered a carved wooden dish filled with the dried wings of birds, obviously a funeral offering. I identified the feathers of the pine grosbeak and of some species of predatory hawk.

The cave was uncomfortably warm —the dirt in places was actually too hot to touch—and the choking lime-like dust rose in a cloud whenever I moved. The enveloping dank smell of death—I identified it now—seemed to grow more powerful as I approached the rear of the vault. Here the cavern narrowed down again. I squeezed through an hourglass opening and found myself in a second and larger room. Gagging at the sickening sweet odor that rose around me, I struck another match.

On all sides, neatly stacked and tied, were bundles of sea-otter skins arranged along the walls. The pelts were folded inside out to protect the rich brown fur, and fastened securely with ordinary hemp rope. There must have been close to two hundred skins in the cache: a collection of pelts worth, I estimated rapidly, a couple of hundred thousand dollars at least.

There was a large object lying in the dust just ahead of me. I ripped off my last match and struck it on the empty safe. And then, for the second time, every muscle in me went rigid. The match fell from my fingers and went out—but not before I had identified Huneker's body, unspeakably mutilated by foxes, lying face down on the floor of the cave.

This time I think I yelled aloud. I have no recollection of doing so; but the sound of my own voice, choked and unreal, shocked me into precipitous flight. I began to stumble and run back through the darkness toward the hourglass opening. I pitched through it headfirst, and sprawled into the front portion of the cave. I picked myself up, started forward again, and tripped over a section of the kayak, landing heavily on my knees. The fall brought me to my senses a little. I rose, took another couple of steps, and slowed down, my senses suddenly acutely aware of danger. I halted.

I cannot say what had warned me. Nothing had moved; there had been no sound in the blackness ahead of me. For a moment an unreasoning fear gripped me again. Some deep atavistic sense was awake in me. I could feel, indescribable but as real as the sound of a voice, the contact of eyes on me: unseen, alert, waiting. Some one was with me in the cave.

In vain I tried to argue with myself that it was impossible—that I was alone. The feeling persisted. My flesh puckered. I forced myself to take a step forward, and I thought I heard a matching step. I halted. The step halted. My heart began to bump in my throat again. I summoned all my strength and said, "Who's there?"

I heard a dry metallic click.

"Wait a minute," I began. "I'm Dr. Macauley—"

There was a little silence. "What did you have to come here for?" a voice said regretfully. A figure stepped out from the shadow of the wall, blocking for a moment the light from the narrow opening ahead of me. "Well, come on, Doc," said Brand Connor.

LADIES
BURR SHAFER

"Come on in with me and take a powder."

BY BURR SHAFER

Brand preceded me through the opening and waited outside, his revolver held lightly in his hand, until I had wormed and squeezed between the ledges of rock. His face was averted. He said after a moment, in an uneasy voice: "I suppose you saw what was inside there?"

"I saw the skins."

"Well," he said flatly, "now you know, anyway."

"I saw something else in there, Brand," I said.

"I didn't have any—" He checked himself; a dark caution settled on his face. "All right," he said harshly, sliding the revolver into a shoulder holster inside his coat. "Let's go."

He moved down the rockslide ahead of me with an effortless ease, his lithe powerful body in perfect balance. He dropped lightly to the sand, and waited again as I clambered and sprawled in his wake.

"Right in here, Doc."

☆

I HAD been so occupied with my descent that I had not seen the small boat on the beach. It was a dory, evidently from the Sistina. A couple of half-breed sailors in oilskins sat on the thwarts, looking at me silently. I lowered myself into the center of the boat and we shoved off into the fog. We did not say a word until the dark hulk of the Sistina reared abruptly ahead of us.

The Sistina was perhaps sixty feet over all, squat and sturdily made. It had an enormous freight capacity—formerly it had been a tuna boat, working out of San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, before Brand had bought it—and it had been equipped with powerful twin Diesel engines, giving it a surprising speed. Its lines were short, powerful, and ugly. The crew's quarters were forward, the engine room and galley aft. Atop the regular pilothouse was an auxiliary wheel, sheltered by canvas against wind and storm, for use in steering through fog. Brand's own quarters was a small cramped cabin directly below the bridge. He led me to this cabin, and opened the door.

Seated in a wicker armchair, his hands patting together and his pince-nez glasses fairly winking with hospitality, Maluk beamed as I entered.

"An unexpected surprise, Dr. Macauley," he said. "We are so pleased to have you with us. So very pleased."

I stood in silence, waiting. His obsequiousness, under the circumstances, was more than usually offensive.

"It is most fortunate that Mr. Connor ran into you," he murmured. He turned to Brand. "Did you find the Doctor . . .?" His sentence trailed.

". . . inside the cave," Brand concluded.

"Oh?" Maluk nodded to me politely. "I trust, Dr. Macauley, that your investigation was a profitable one?"

"I know more now than I did."

"Much more," said Maluk. "Very much more, I'm sure. I dare say your knowledge is unique, Dr. Macauley. Not many others have had your opportunity for observation. Poor Mr.

Huneker was one of the very few."

He paused, profoundly sorry, and patted his hands again.

"An ingenious race, the Aleuts," he resumed after a moment, settling himself comfortably in the chair. I could not be sure, but I had the feeling that he was deliberately stalling, waiting for something. "The practice of mummification, I am informed, has existed among them for centuries. They use no drugs, but depend on the dry volcanic heat. Frequently the personal effects of the deceased are interred with him, and some of the pieces are most distinctive. I believe you observed once a rather unusual trophy I secured from this very cave—an ivory spoon with the handle shaped like the pincers of a crab."

"I remember it," I said.

"An ingenious race, but, alas, very superstitious," he continued amiably. A boat whistle sounded somewhere in the distance, low and guttural. His eyes brightened, but he made no comment. "It is their conviction, for example, that a mummy cave is the abode of evil spirits; devils. They believe that any one who trespasses on these ancient burial sites becomes afflicted with great distress in his body, and after long suffering dies. Of course"— he smiled—"you and I realize that any such talk of disaster is the purest superstition."

The whistle sounded again, this time very near. Maluk reached for a cord beside him, running up to the bridge, and gave two answering blasts. He settled back in the chair. "On the other hand," he continued, "this superstition of the natives may turn out at times to be convenient if one is engaged in activities which require—shall we say—a certain element of secrecy for their success."

"Caching contraband furs, for instance."

"You are so observant, Dr. Macauley. So very observant." Maluk beamed with pride. "An impressive collection, was it not?"

"It ought to be worth a lot of money."

"A lot of money," deprecatingly; "and yet, if you can believe me, Doctor, a mere drop in the bucket in comparison with our present activity." Now I thought I could hear in the distance the soft thudding of an outboard motor. "You see, the same good customer who has been so kind as to purchase our furs," he explained, "has acquired other and even more engrossing interests now. He is willing to reimburse us handsomely for cooperating with him in these interests. In fact, his agent is on his way here for that very purpose now."

The thudding motor grew rapidly louder. Brand's face was hard and his eyes narrowed. "We don't want to take any chances of having this thing slip up," he murmured cautiously.

"We are not taking any chances, Mr. Connor."

"How do we know we can trust him? Who is he?"

Maluk chuckled. "I think when you see him you will agree that he is trustworthy in every way."

"Cash on the line," Brand warned.

"I fully appreciate your sense of caution, Mr. Connor," said Maluk coldly. "It has always been my own policy to trust nobody. Nobody at all. I take, as you say, no chances."

The thudding drew alongside and suddenly stopped. Maluk rose and polished his hands.

"If you would be so good as to wait here, Doctor," he apologized.

He turned and hurried down the deck. I heard the grate of a gunwale against the side of the Sistina, and then a rattle as the rope ladder was lowered. Through the window I saw a small heavily bundled figure clamber over the rail. He rustled down the deck toward the cabin. I heard him mutter ". . . damnable weather" as he opened the door. Swiftly he unbuckled the snaps of his dripping raincoat, flung it back, and hauled his rain-hood off his head. His close-cropped white hair was damp; his face and even his white goatee were beaded with moisture. Maluk hovered in the doorway behind him.

"Dr. Macauley," he said to me courteously, "you recall Dr. Remmer, our distinguished archaeologist." He beamed as though he were bringing two very old friends together again.

Another person comes aboard the Sistina in next week's chapter, and Dr. Macauley lives through some tense and dangerous moments.

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Early photographs of her father and mother.

Tallulah the Terrific

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ THE interview with Miss Bankhead was set for 5 P. M.—her breakfast hour—at her suite at the Ambassador in New York.

Miss Bankhead's colored maid, Rose, took hat and coat and said Miss Bankhead would be right in.

About the living room were pictures of the Bankheads—Tallulah's uncles, her beautiful mother, who died shortly after Tallulah was born; her beloved father, the late Speaker of the House of Representatives William B. Bankhead. There were busts of Tallulah's idols—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill—on the mantel.

It is quite likely that in the adjoining bedroom there was a cannon. Tallulah came in as if she'd been shot out of it. A little thing (she's five feet two in her wedgies), she exploded across the room in long, lithe, bounding steps that black slacks, topped by a fiery red blouse, permitted.

She said: "Hello! I'm sorry for being late. What shall we talk about?" in that husky, throaty voice that once drove staid London nuts, and plumped down into a chair and took up a cigarette between red-nailed fingers. She struck a match, talking, and when it had burned down to her fingers put it out without lighting the cigarette and went on talking. She blinked her eyes occasionally, ran her hands through her shoulder-length tawny hair, yelled exultantly when some one she wanted to talk to telephoned, came back into the room and said:

"I'm tired. I'm constantly tired. I've got my quota of Southern laziness, too. Boredom ages you worse than years, don't you think? When I'm bored, my shoulders positively ache and my sinuses bother me. Isn't General MacArthur divine? I'm the Queen of Non Sequiturs. Now, what shall we talk about?"

Tallulah talked. From that point on, everything's a blank. Trying to put the vital Miss Bankhead on paper is something like trying to stuff a tornado into a bottle.

She's terrific. On stage or off stage, Tallulah Bankhead is the best buy for your money in the dramatic field today. To England, this volatile daughter of the late Speaker has long been America's best actress. An increasingly large American audience is learning that England is right.

She made push-overs of the tough New York critics in her role of a ruthless money-mad Southern belle in The Little Foxes.

If you're not among the millions who listen to her dramatic sketches each Tuesday night from 8 to 8.30 Eastern War Time over the NBC Red Network, then by all means dial in.

Tallulah is a master of the wipe-that-smile-off-your-face technique. She can swing impishly from tragedy to comedy and back again faster than it can be written down, all with tongue-in-the-cheek impressiveness that sets knees to quaking. She has a prankish sense of humor, a brilliant, incredibly fast mind, a gift of mimicry that is God-given and a sense of candor that is devastating.

Tallulah was born in Huntsville, Alabama, January 31, 1903, a year after her sister, Eugenia.

Tallulah's mother, described by Stark Young as the most beautiful woman of the South, died three weeks after bearing her second child, Tallulah. And young kindly William Brockman Bankhead, Tallulah's father, was left to rear two motherless daughters. It was no easy task for a struggling country lawyer.

An aunt, Marie Bankhead Owens, took the youngsters in hand. They adored her.

Tallulah's grandfather was John Hollis Bankhead who, at eighteen, formed his own company and joined in the Civil War. He earned a captain's rank, was wounded five times, and came staggering home carrying a wounded comrade.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

With "Uncle John," Alabama's senator.

It was on a porch of her grandfather's estate, "Sunset," in western Alabama, that Tallulah, five, made her acting debut—a faithful impersonation of her kindergarten teacher.

At thirteen, Tallulah weighed 138 pounds. She was also homely. And then—in two short years—she was suddenly beautiful. She wanted, passionately, to be an actress.

Instead, she was shipped, with Eugenia, to a succession of convents in New York and Virginia. She was miserable in them. The good nuns were upset by her pagan name. No more upset than Tallulah. The other kids, with good solid names like Agnes and Mary, teased her unmercifully.

Her Aunt Marie, who today is in charge of the historical department of the Alabama State Capitol, tried to comfort her by explaining that she was named for her grandmother, who had been named for Tallulah Falls.

"Tallulah falls! Appropriate, eh?" Miss Bankhead says today.

She was a beautiful child with a father in Congress and an overpowering urge to get on the stage when Rachel Crothers' play, 39 East, came to Washington. The producer knew the Bankheads, sent them tickets. Tallulah and her grandmother, in her grandmother's brown sedan, drove to the theater. Tallulah loved the play, which starred Constance Binney. But, coming home, she burst into tears.

"I can do that role as well as she can!" she shouted. "I'll kill myself if I can't go on the stage!"

Previously the family had dismissed these scenes by saying quietly, "Tallulah's having one of her spells." But this one called for a conference.

Will Bankhead was doubtful of his ability financially to maintain a residence in Washington, a summer home in Alabama, and keep Tallulah—plus chaperon—in New York City. Grandpa Bankhead resolved things.

"Stand back, Will," he said. "I'll underwrite this. If she wants to be an actress, she wants to be an actress. She'll never amount to a damn as anything else."

And so a subsidized Tallulah came

CULVER SERVICE

In the picture, My Sin, with Fredric March.

Ann Andrews and Tallulah in The Cheat.

With Gary Cooper in Devil and the Deep.

HURRELL

CULVER SERVICE

She appeared in The Trap in 1919.

HURRELL

In a Broadway play, Reflected Glory.

CULVER SERVICE

As Sadie Thompson in a revival of Rain.

CULV

In her stage success, The Litt

to New York hot on the trail of fame and fortune, as inexperienced as she was supremely confident. For the first time she was separated from her sister Eugenia. Eugenia, as this is written, has been married eight times and Tallulah refers to herself and Eugenia as the "International Whoops Sisters." Tallulah's one marriage, to John Emery, an actor, ended in divorce.

Aunt Louise, her mother's sister, was chosen as Tallulah's chaperon when she came to New York. Upon arrival, they began an inspection of respectable but inexpensive hotels. Aunt Louise chose one because she liked its Indian name. The hotel was the Algonquin.

A happier choice could not have been made. The Algonquin at that time was the New York home of the great in literature and show business. Joseph Hergesheimer and Carl Van Vechten, the novelists, ate there regularly, as did Douglas Fairbanks, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Texas Guinan, the beautiful Jobyna Howland, and Alexander Woollcott. Jeanne Eagels, Laurette Taylor, and the incomparable Ethel Barrymore were Tallulah's favorites, and she was to meet and find a stanch friend in Miss Barrymore at the Algonquin.

At last she got a chance to try out before Rachel Crothers for a part in the road company of 39 East. She went to the audition eager to make good her boast that she could do as well as the star of the play.

Nothing went right. She was nervous. She started to read and had not gone far when Miss Crothers said: "That will do."

Tallulah burst into tears. She cried lustily and honestly in that deep, husky way that only a disappointed child can cry, and Miss Crothers looked at her strangely and let her cry and said, "The part's yours."

It seems that the lines she was reading actually called for her to cry at that point, and Miss Crothers supposed, naturally, that she was acting.

And so, at sixteen, she got her first lead in 39 East and wrote Grandpa Bankhead to let him know how wisely he had invested his money, and he was pleased as punch and sent her a diamond wrist watch. Later, when work slacked off and she was trying to conserve grandpa's finances, she used to pawn the wrist watch—always getting $100 on it. The man at Simpson's, where she pawned it, never quite got used to her. He'd give her a $100 bill and she'd invariably say: "Could you give me something smaller? I've a taxi waiting outside and I have to pay the driver."

Tallulah—not yet a success on the New York stage—received an offer to appear in London. It was from Sir Gerald du Maurier and the play was The Dancers.

She went, and for eight years she was a sensation. England went literally wild over her. She played to packed houses, regardless of the plays she appeared in. Girls in the galleries leaned over the rails to shout ecstatically, "Tallulah! Tallulah!" She was furnished a police escort to get her from stage door to her car.

She became the madcap favorite of the Mayfair set, was reported engaged, from time to time, to Jock Whitney, Ronald Colman, Roland Leigh, and Lawrence of Arabia. She spent $15,000 converting a stable into a Mayfair residence and reveled in an independent existence of her own.

One of her great friends was Lord Beaverbrook. She met Lloyd George and first talked with Winston Churchill when the latter's political sun was in eclipse. Even then, she swears, his magnificent personality was blinding.

There is about Tallulah Bankhead the mark of the truly great. Success has never gone to her head and she detests people who take themselves seriously. When she talks of her success, under duress, she refers to it as luck. Which is not accurate, for Tallulah Bankhead has taken on her tiny shoulders the dead weight of some pretty awful plays and has, by sheer force of her personality and talent, breathed life into them.

Back in America, Tallulah had a fling at the movies. She failed to click. It is hard to believe that the failure was hers, for she is an indescribably powerful actress.

Listen to her laugh on the radio. It is vibrant and rich and earthy and husky and honest as the roar from the smoker of a train.

She likes to laugh. She likes to make others laugh.

"Humor," she says, "is the difference between human beings and animals. Though, sometimes, I'll take the animals."

You have an idea, when she says that, that she means Hitler, Hon. Hirohito and company.

She is intensely patriotic. If she were a man, she'd probably go out as her grandfather did and get wounded five times. Failing that, she lives off her nerves, her store of fretful energy, and wears herself thin trying to do her part as an entertainer. She has appeared on many benefit shows, including Command Performance, a radio request program for our boys in foreign lands. She's to be found often at the American Theater Wing Stage Door Canteen in New York, where our uniformed lads are entertained free.

You don't come by this information by interviewing her. You get it from her friends. She thinks it is silly to have the fact publicized that she has sworn off liquor since Dunkirk and until Hitler is defeated. Yet she has. And life-loving Tallulah, a chain smoker, used to like to drink.

Tallulah, when she had returned from England, did not at once duplicate her unparalleled English success. Weak vehicles were the cause. It was in The Little Foxes that she established what her admirers had claimed for years—that she was, if not the foremost, one of the foremost actresses on the American stage. She loved the role she played and she was magnificent in it.

The incorrigible Tallulah had long violated all the rules laid down by insurance companies for living to a ripe old age when disaster overtook her a few years back and they packed her off to the hospital. Her weight went down to seventy-five pounds.

Finally she wore the worried medicos down to the point where they said she might go home. She dressed cheerfully, shouted noisy farewells to the other patients, and was on her way out when she saw her doctor.

"Don't you think for a moment," she shouted to him, "that this has taught me a lesson."

It hasn't. She spends her energy recklessly, contributing, with her fellow actors and actresses of stage, screen, and radio, toward the defeat of this country's enemies. She knows what it is to play benefit after benefit. She knows what it is to live on sheer nerves alone. And she goes on doing it—and doing more and more of it.

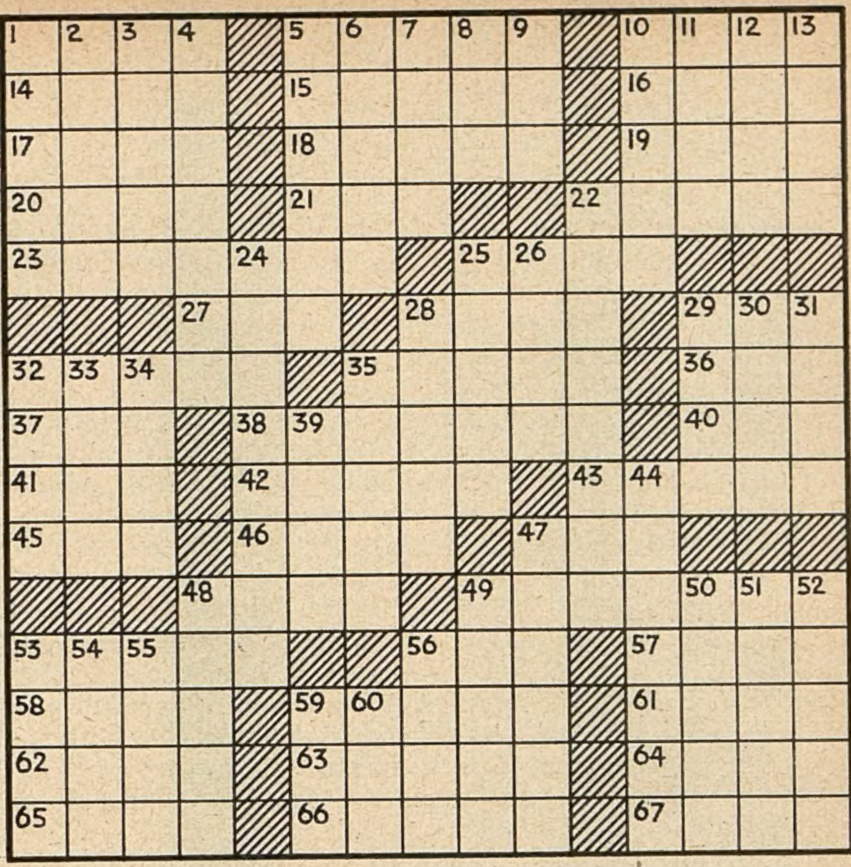
The interview with Miss Bankhead began at 5 P. M., her breakfast hour. It ended—with scarcely a pause for commas—at 7.20. Miss Bankhead tackled it as she tackles everything else—headlong. She talked and talked and talked with dizzying speed.

Her shoulders must have ached and her sinuses bothered her something fierce as she said good-by. But she was too much a lady to say so.

THE END

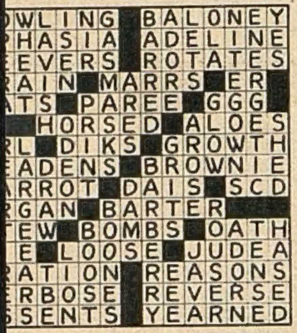
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 High tableland
5 Blot out
10 Newspaper paragraph
14 Winged
15 Ocean-going ship
16 Incarnation of god Vishnu
17 Thin slab of baked clay
18 Make amends for
19 Dry
20 Paradise
21 Number
22 Worship



WLING■BALONEY
HASIA■ADELINE
EVERS■ROTATES
AIN■MARRS■ER■
TS■PAREE■GGG■
■HORSED■ALOES
L■DIKS■GROWTH
ADENS■BROWNIE
RROT■DAIS■SCD
GAN■BARTER■■■
EW■BOMBS■OATH
E■LOOSE■JUDEA
ATION■REASONS
RBOSE■REVERSE
SENTS■YEARNED

Last week's answer

23 Reduces to lower grade
25 Cabbage plants in general
27 Turf
28 Tibetan priest
29 Watering place
32 Hostelry
35 Cloth
36 Tag
37 Unfasten (poet.)
38 Raise
40 Part of to be
41 Bar
42 Carnivore of India
43 That which is owing
45 Aged
46 Declare
47 Sorrowful
48 Asterisk
49 Began again
53 Angry
56 Letter of alphabet
57 Container
58 Coin
59 Amphitheater
61 Poker term
62 Above
63 Measure of weight
64 Touched
65 Unaspirated consonant
66 Part of rowboat
67 Sins

VERTICAL

1 Married
2 Slur over
3 City in Massachusetts
4 Full of sand
5 Overjoyed
6 Ceremony (pl.)
7 Soon
8 Japanese coin
9 Before
10 Turkish decree
11 Tropical plant
12 Arabian military commander
13 Constructed
22 Shady walk (pl.)
24 Put up with
25 Artificial waterway
26 Leave out
28 Bar used to lift weight
29 Pierce with pointed weapon
30 Prefix: equal
31 Incite
32 Tramp
33 Precious stone
34 Care for
35 Prevent
39 Molten rock
44 Impart knowledge to
47 Dignified
48 Unit of measure
49 Pertaining to kidneys
50 Country residence
51 Compound ether
52 Act (pl.)
53 Image
54 Split
55 So be it!
56 Nothing
59 Do
60 Interjection

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Mow down your wiry whiskers quick!
Use Thin Gillettes — save cash — look slick!
For comfort, too, these blades are swell;
They give smooth shaves — and more as well!
Protect Your Skin From Irritation Caused By Misfit Blades
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4 for 10c
8 for 19c
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade
Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27c

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

LIEUTENANTS GEORGE AND JOHN M. GRIDER of Memphis, Tennessee, are officers in the navy, one on a submarine somewhere, the other on duty in the Pacific. And thereby hangs a tale that can now be told.

Back in 1926 Liberty published a remarkable serial called War Birds. It was the uncensored diary of an American aviator in France during World War I. With vividness, humor, and an astonishing degree of frankness it told of the lives and exploits of many famous men at the front, in the air, and behind the lines. Albert Spalding, the famous violinist; Air Marshal (then Colonel) Bishop, the Canadian ace; Clayton Knight, the artist; and Elliott White Springs were some of them. The first entry said: "Captain LaGuardia is in charge of our boat. . . . We spend two hours a day studying Italian. LaGuardia and the two cooks are the instructors." The "Captain LaGuardia" of those notes is now Mayor of New York City.

The author of the diary was killed at the front, but he had asked a friend to do with it whatever the friend saw fit "if anything happens to me." The result was publication in Liberty and afterward in book form as "the diary of an unknown aviator." It was in its way a literary sensation —but the identity of the man who wrote it was never revealed.

The man was Captain John McGavock Grider, known to his friends as "Mac" Grider. He was shot down behind the German lines. His family did not even know he had kept a diary. . . . Now the wheel of time has turned. There is another war, and his sons are carrying on the fighting tradition to which he gave his life.

NOTE TO AUTHORS:

Eric Knight, who wrote This Above All, has been telling Robert Van Gelder of the New York Times about how he works and the beginnings of his career.

"The first story sold?" he says. "Oh, I'd once written six columns—stories going behind small news items. A Polish woman gets thirty days for knifing her husband. What made her knife him? I tried to sell the idea of these columns as a feature to a newspaper editor. He read the samples—couldn't use 'em. I sent one, called The Two-Fifty Hat, to Liberty and sold it. Then one day a writer in California showed us his patio—palm trees, goldfish in a pool, all that. A perambulating typewriter table. I began fooling on his typewriter and wrote one called Meet Me in the Shadows. This made an O. Henry Memorial volume—but let it alone. Please. To hell with starving young author makes his way in life!"

Well, all right, Mr. Knight. To hell with starving young author if you like. But The Two-Fifty Hat was a good story and we were glad to have it, regardless of the fact that we knew nothing at all about the author. *After* we bought it (in 1930) we asked Mr. Knight about himself and printed a thumbnail biography with his story: "Moved here from England at fifteen, worked in a carpet mill outside Philadelphia, dishwashed through Cambridge Latin School, studied portrait painting, served overseas with the Princess Pats, and then followed a devious newspaper trail that has led into the editorial offices of the Philadelphia Public Ledger."

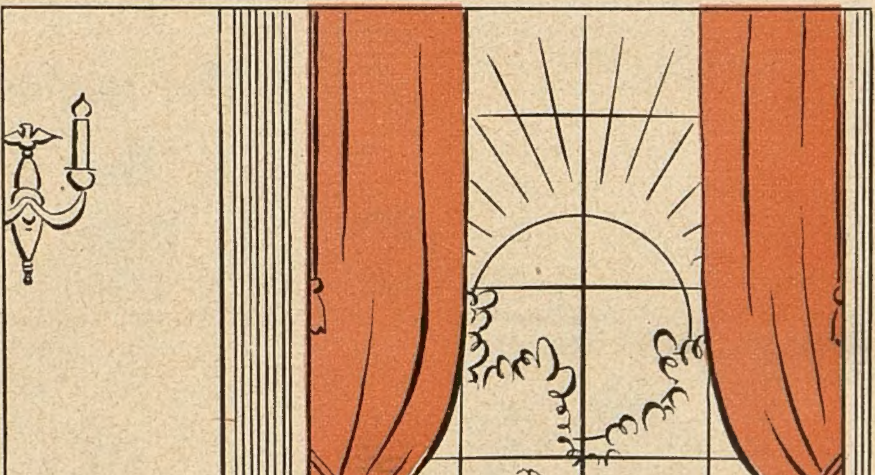
THIS OUGHT TO (AND PROBABLY WON'T) be a lesson to some thousands of folks who write. There is in the land an oddly persistent notion, which seemingly no amount of argument can erase, that you can't sell a manuscript to a front-rank magazine unless you have a widely known name, some kind of mysterious "entree," or acquaintanceship with an editor. In the case of most magazines, nothing could be further from the truth. No greater thrill comes to an editor than that which goes with discovery of good writing unmarked by the signpost of a famous name. Mr. Knight had no agent; he came to us with no fanfare; we didn't know him. We found his story in the mail, liked it, and bought it—and that was all there was to it. That he has since become a best-selling novelist is beside the point. But it's nice.

PERSONAL ITEMS:

Hagar Wilde (page 24, this issue) is in the New York theatrical news of the moment as co-author of one of the season's stage successes, Guest in the House—which she finds a stimulating change of pace in her career as a writer mostly of fiction. . . . Annalee Whitmore Jacoby, whose vivid radioed reports from the Philippines have been recent Liberty features, has escaped from the islands and made her way with her husband to Brisbane, Australia. . . . Donald Duck (up in the corner) is mad because, after being announced for last week's issue, he was crowded out. He is with us this week, on pages 22 and 23, and we have offered him our apologies.

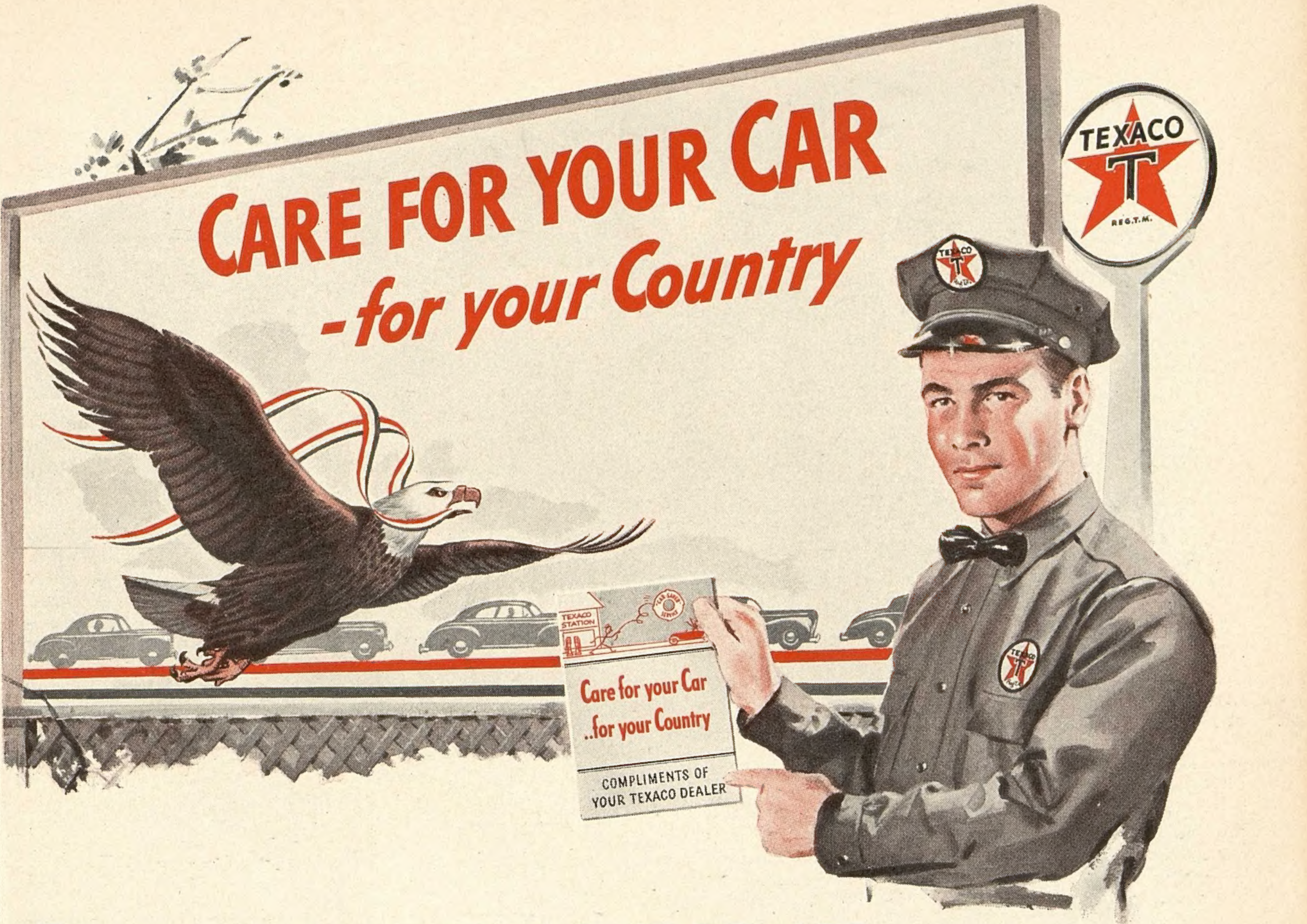
The Editors

FALA



"Well—another day . . another ship launched!"

★ ★ ★ ★ TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6 ★ ★ ★ ★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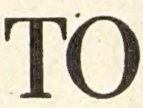

TUNE IN: FRED ALLEN every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

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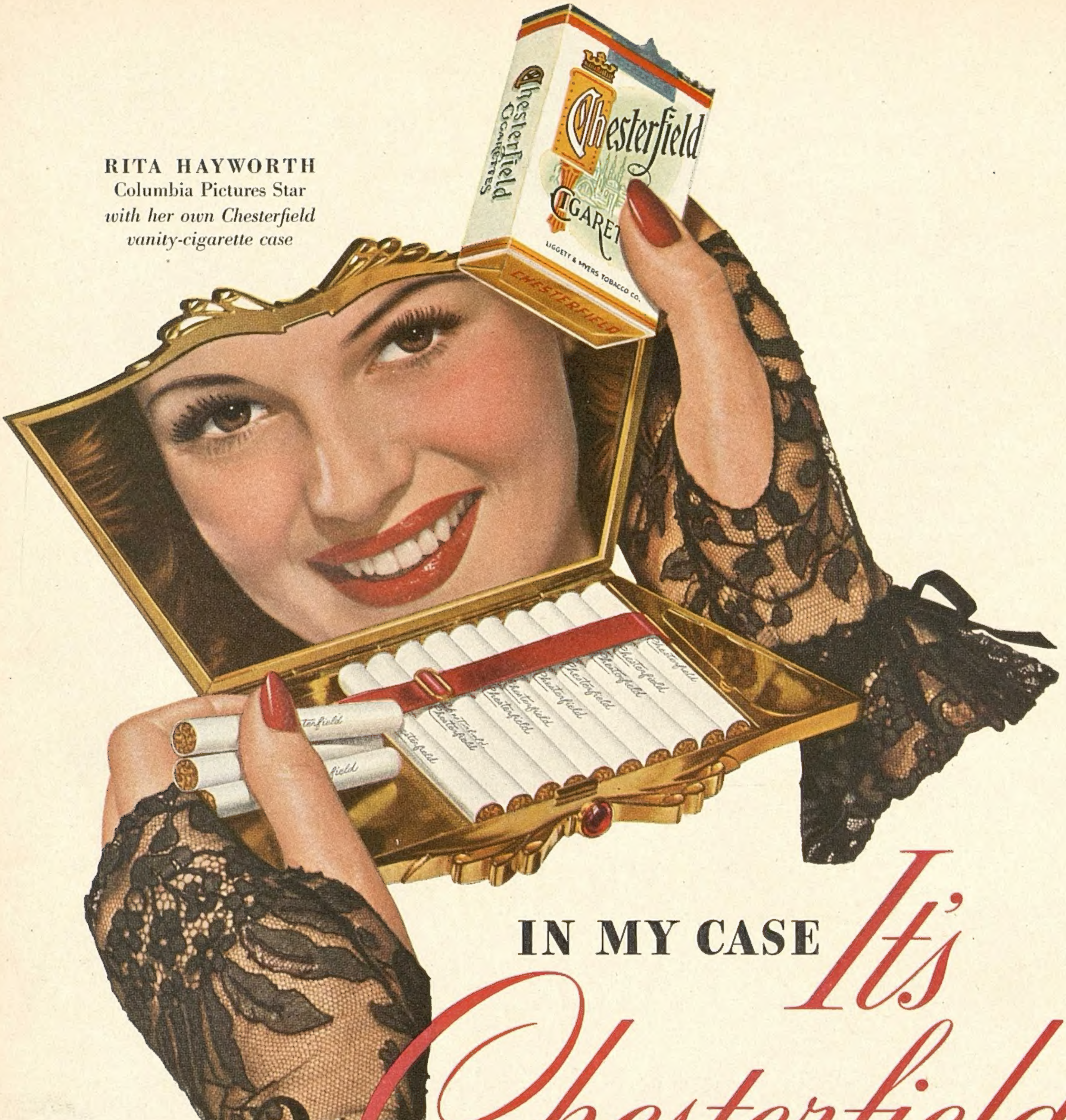
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